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MAY 1957

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CONTRIBUTORS



Elizabeth Pollet, who reviews New York exhibitions regularly for ARTS, writes this month on the Hans Hofmann exhibition at the Whitney Museum. She is

the author of a novel, *A Family Romance*, published by New Directions, and of short stories and reviews which have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *New World Writing* and *Botteghe oscure*. She is married to the poet Delmore Schwartz and lives in Pittstown, New Jersey.

Two American sculptors address themselves in this issue to the subject of "Sculpture and Architecture." **David Smith**'s work will be the subject of an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in September. **Sidney Geist**, a frequent contributor, recently had a one-man exhibition at the Tanager Gallery in New York and is represented in several group exhibitions this spring.

Patrick Heron resumes his regular contributions to our pages with his profile of Roger Hilton this month. His most recent publication in England is the text for a volume on Braque, published by Faber and Faber.

Among our book critics: **Ulrich Weissstein** is a member of the Lehigh University faculty . . . **Kenneth Rexroth**, critic and poet, writes frequently on Japanese subjects; he is a regular contributor to *The Nation* and other magazines . . . **Suzanne Burrey** is a free-lance writer on art; her profiles of Karl Schrag, B. J. O. Nordfeldt and others have appeared in our pages.

FORTHCOMING: The June issue will be a Special Paris Number. Leading off with a long article by **Edouard Roditi** surveying the artistic life of Paris, there will be special features on "The School of Paris Today" by **Alain Jouffroy** and **Michel Lacoste**, a report on "Americans in Paris" by **Barbara Butler** and reviews of important new books from France. Color plates on French and American painters.



ON THE COVER

Sculpture in stone, entitled JANUS HEAD, of Celtic origin in France (fourth century B.C.). The work is in the permanent collection of the new Museum of Primitive Art in New York. The museum's opening exhibition is discussed by Hilton Kramer in Month in Review (pages 42-45).

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Editor & Publisher:
JONATHAN MARSHALL

Managing Editor:
HILTON KRAMER

Associate Editor:
FRANCIS KLOEPPEL

Assistant Editor:
ANN PENNINGTON

Layout and Production: JAMES R. MELLOW

Associate Publisher: LESLIE OKIN

Executive Assistant: MRS. PEYTON BOSWELL

Contributing Editors:

Correspondents:

MARGARET BREUNING

CHICAGO: ALLEN S. WELLER

BERNARD CHAET

LONDON: PATRICK HERON

LAVERNE GEORGE

PARIS: BARBARA BUTLER

ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE

SAN FRANCISCO: KENNETH REXROTH

JEROME MELLQUIST

Advertising: JACK FADER

ELIZABETH POLLET

European Advertising Representatives:

MARTICA SAWIN

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ANITA VENTURA

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LETTERS

PROFESSOR MYERS REPLIES

To the Editor:

I have watched with interest the healthy development of ARTS as an organ of artistic opinion. Under journalistic pressures, however, all magazines occasionally fall into the trap of hasty judgment. This seems to have happened in your April evaluation of my pilot study, *Problems of the Younger American Artist*.

What you ask, was the purpose of this short-term survey? Had you read our introduction more than casually, you would have seen that we were concerned with the viability of New York as a cultural center and the degree to which the younger (i.e. the not yet successful) artist faced problems in the exhibiting and the marketing of his work.

You question the need for more exhibiting space for artists in general and cite the fact that there are more than one hundred galleries in New York. Certainly true, but of those probably only half are interested in contemporary American art, and of these it has been estimated that about twenty-five show abstract-expressionist material. According to Mr. Hess's piece in the current *Art News*, the *avant-garde* artist has had to create his own exhibition space in the smaller co-operative galleries where artists look at the work of other artists. Apart from this group, surely we all know a great many "artists with real ability" who have become superannuated, passé in terms of today's search for novelty or otherwise out of the swim, and are therefore wandering about without gallery connections. Our "facile statistics"—whether you like them or not—show a lack of exhibiting space for artists who have been judged worthy of admission to the museum group shows and artist organization shows of the past three years.

The very practice of renting gallery space on the basis of ability to pay rather than on quality means that the poor but worthy artist is deprived of every gallery space taken up by a space purchaser. You may have overlooked this point in our report, together with our observation that many galleries could not survive without charging for space.

I am afraid that in our paragraph on "dilettantism" you completely missed our intent. The purpose of questioning artists on the number of hours per week they worked at "their profession" was to compare this amount of time with that spent on other money-earning activities (see p. 20) and to determine to what extent one could still apply the term "professional" to such people. As to whether the author and his colleagues realize that artists' work "is part of their lives even when they are not physically creating," please note on the very next page we say: "If it were objected . . . that they need not necessarily put in more than thirty working

continued on page 62

CORRECTION

In Martica Sawin's "Adja Yunkers" [April], the continuity of the text was altered by an unfortunate transposition of paragraphs. The editors extend apologetic regrets to the artist and the author.

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AUCTIONS

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An extensive group of paintings, drawings and sculptures by masters of the sixteenth to twentieth centuries, deriving from a Massachusetts private collection and other sources, will pass under the auctioneer's gavel on Wednesday evening, May 8, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York.

Best-known among the paintings by old masters are Salomon Ruyssael's *A Riverside Village with a Ferryboat*, Lucas Cranach the Elder's *Johann I der Beständige Kurfürst und Herzog von Sachsen*, Romney's *Captain William Ogilvie of Ardglass, Ireland*, Raeburn's *Sir William Honeyman* and Giovanni Santi's *Madonna and Child*. Besides paintings by David Teniers the Younger, Antonio Moro, Van Honthorst and Hendrick Pot, the category of ancient works includes a still life by Willem Kalf, Jan van Scorel's *Portrait of a Lady* and Vigée-Lebrun's *Countess Savorgnan di Brazza*.

Among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings are Corot's *Un Torrent dans les Romagnes*, a *Still Life* by Fantin-Latour, Monet's *Le Lac*, Childe Hassam's *In the Sunlight*, Jawlensky's *Blonde Fräulein* and Dufy's *Le Piédestal à la jatte aux fleurs*. Also represented are Boudin, Vlaminck, Segonzac, Redon, Degas, Friesz, Valtat, Henri Edmond Cross, John Sloan, Waugh, Pushman and Hartley. Sculptures include pieces by Daumier and Sintenis.

All works in the May 8 art sale will be on exhibit at the Parke-Bernet Galleries beginning Saturday, May 4.

AUCTION CALENDAR

May 2, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Egyptian antiquities, Greek and Roman art, Gothic and Renaissance art. Property of Mrs. Charles E. Crawley, New York, and from the collection of the late Isabelle McKay Peck, Pittsburgh, sold by order of her daughter, and from other sources. Exhibition now.

May 3 and 4, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Georgian and Regency furniture and decorations, Chelsea and other English porcelains, silver, rugs, Chinese art. Property of Mrs. Margot A. Holmes, Mrs. Anna D. Griscom, the Children's Aid Society and other owners. Exhibition now.

May 7 and 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Autograph letters and documents, mainly American. Collected by the late Forest G. Sweet, Battle Creek, Michigan. Included are letters and documents by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln and others. Exhibition now.

May 8, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old masters, nineteenth-century and modern paintings. From a Massachusetts private owner and from other sources. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from May 4.

May 9, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Graphic art, from the estate of the late Ludwig Charell and other owners. Prints by modern masters, including Matisse, Degas, Picasso, Braque, Utrillo, Léger, Bonnard, Dufy and Laurencin. Exhibition from May 4.

May 10 and 11, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, modern paintings, rugs. Property of various owners, particularly Mrs. Anna D. Griscom, Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona. Exhibition from May 4.

May 15, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Precious-stone and other jewelry, all from private owners and estates. Exhibition from May 10.

May 17 and 18, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and American furniture, decorations and paintings from various owners, including furnishings removed from the residence of the late Walter J. Salmon and sold by order of Mrs. F. Warrington Gillet. Exhibition from May 11.

May 29, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Garden and terrace furniture and sculptures, faience, limestone, cast-iron and other decorative objects, assembled by Mme Renée Guibal, Haut-du-Val, France, and sold by her order. Exhibition from May 24.

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BY JONATHAN MARSHALL

ALMOST fifteen hundred people attended the American Federation of Arts convention, or extravaganza, in Houston during the first week of April. Aside from the number attending, more than half of whom were Texans, this giant gathering of the art clans was notable for many things. It produced the first art air-lift, it produced many good talks and of course some bad ones, and it did much to stimulate art in Texas. It was also unusual in that not one Texas joke was foisted on the audience.

One significant aspect of the convention was the efficient job of organizing done by the A.F.A. and the local committee headed by Stanley Marcus, the convention Chairman, and John de Menil and Preston Bolton of Houston. Unlike most art events, this one was well organized down to the last detail and received excellent press coverage throughout the nation.

In addition to the various speeches and panel discussions, local museums, galleries and private groups organized special exhibitions on statewide basis. These included the "Three Brothers" at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, "Pace-makers" at Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum, "Illuminations" (called by one wag "Eliminations") of fifty masterpieces being circulated by *Life Magazine*, "Survey of Texas Artists" at the Dallas Museum, "Sculptors of Texas" at the Fort Worth Art Center, "Fifty Paintings from

"Fifty Texas Collections" at the Marion Koogler McNay Art Institute and "Contemporary Religious Art" (together with a flower show) at the Witte Memorial Museum in San Antonio.

Museum exhibitions were supplemented by tours of the private collections of Miss Ima Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Strauss and Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil in Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Windfohr and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuller in Fort Worth, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marcus in Dallas. The Dallas contingent of the art air-lift also visited the new Jewish Synagogue in that city which ranks among the most daring and beautiful of new religious structures anywhere.

Another significant aspect of the convention went unheralded and deserves special mention. According to a well-informed source, this was the first time that Negroes were admitted as guests to the famous Shamrock Hotel where the convention was held.

The record attendance included leading museum directors from all parts of the country, educators, artists, collectors, dealers and many laymen. Both dealers and collectors took the opportunity to become acquainted with Texas artists and in a number of cases to acquire works of art.

Three new members were elected to the A.F.A. Board of Trustees at the annual meeting. These were Dudley T. Easby, Jr., Secretary of the Met-

Randall Jarrell, Stuart Davis and Meyer Schapiro at the American Federation of Arts convention in Houston.



opolitan Museum of Art, William C. Murray, President of the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute, and Edgar C. Schenck, Director of the Brooklyn Museum. Officers were all re-elected for another year, with James S. Schramm continuing as President.

In his keynote address to the convention, Professor Meyer Schapiro of Columbia University retraced the shift toward the personal in the arts during the last hundred years. The rejecting of representation, he pointed out, has given the individual the power to shape his own beliefs: "It has led to greater variety and more rapid changes in styles and ideas . . . clichés do not last long." Dr. Schapiro reminded the audience that art is virtually the last vestige of personal creation in our modern, mass-production world. He compared the act of creating to the act of talking, in which words have an order and establish as well as depend upon a context. In both art and speech there is an element of the unconscious entering into the creation of "order out of disorder."

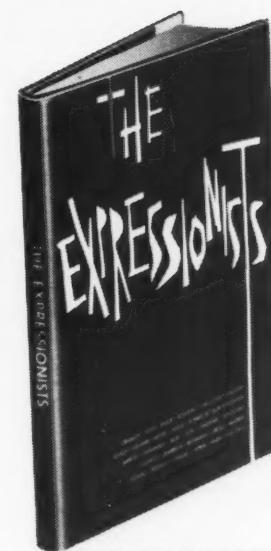
In the symposium that followed, poet Randall Jarrell violently attacked Abstract Expressionism, calling it the "intensive exploitation of one part" of the revolutionary tradition of Bonnard, Matisse and Picasso. Continuing his attack, Jarrell compared Abstract Expressionism to the highly publicized recent painting by a Baltimore monkey. In essence he called for a return to nature, declaring that "Man and the world are all that they ever were." In reply Dr. Schapiro pointed out that "painting depends on the achievement of qualities" which a monkey cannot realize; spontaneity in itself does not create good or bad.

The second panel, with William Seitz as moderator, was concerned with "The Creative Act" and formed one of the convention highlights. In his introduction Professor Seitz declared that the modern artist "chose to embark on a life of creation for ends entirely self-generated, and produced works for which there was no social demand . . . let us face one fact squarely: while he is working, the typically contemporary artist is unaware of what the public likes or dislikes. He is totally occupied with the authenticity of his experience." Commenting on this, Marcel Duchamp claimed that the "creative act is not performed by the artist alone. The spectator brings his work in contrast with the external world . . . interpreting its inner qualifications and thus adding his contribution."

Continuing the discussion, in one of the convention's best talks, Dr. Rudolph Arnheim of Sarah Lawrence College declared: "Creative thinking below the level of awareness preserves the primordial unity of thought and image, without which art is impossible. Our civilization promotes a separation of abstract ideas from what the senses perceive—which is fatal for the artist. . . . It is also true that primitive reasoning centers forever about the basic concerns with life and death that must remain the foundation of the work of art lest it lose itself in the shades of private sensitivity . . . The apparent simplicity of some truly substantial modern art is as deceptive as the apparent substance of some truly simple modern art."

The final panel, discussing the nebulous topic "From Artist to Public," disintegrated at the beginning with a forty-five-minute showing of slides of paintings that had changed in value since their creation. Despite the excellent chairmanship of Philip R. Adams and strong statements by Jimmy Ernst and Bernard Reis, it proved an anticlimactic ending to an otherwise stimulating convention.

In conclusion it can be said that this was probably the best-organized and most lively American art convention in history. Although some of the talks could certainly be improved upon, the standard as a whole will be difficult to live up to in the future.



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OPEN LETTER TO THE METROPOLITAN



Samuel F. B. Morse, THE MUSE—SUSAN WALKER MORSE; bequest of Herbert L. Pratt. All photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Mary Cassatt, LADY AT THE TEA TABLE.



Winslow Homer, NORTHEASTER; gift of George A. Hearn.



Eight years ago James N. Rosenberg, writing as an artist and private citizen, sent a series of nine open letters to the Metropolitan Museum of Art charging it with "gross neglect" of contemporary American art. Since that time the Museum has changed its policies and has been collecting and exhibiting work by our contemporary artists.

In the near future the Metropolitan Museum of Art will open new rooms for American art. These galleries, we agree with Mr. Rosenberg, are totally inadequate to exhibit permanently the Museum's vast American collection. We believe that it is time to house this collection in its own building, and we are honored to present the following open letter from Mr. Rosenberg, who is Chairman of the Board of this magazine.

—J.M.

April 29, 1957

Mr. Roland L. Redmond, President
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Redmond:

President Eisenhower's "people-to-people" program and his recent appointment of David E. Finley as chairman of a national committee for the purpose of acquainting the world with the art of the U.S.A. should demonstrate that our country is not merely an assembly line in the land of the dollar.

It is in order to implement the President's plan that I now address this open letter to you. First of all, it is due to you and your fellow trustees that the Metropolitan Museum has achieved a laudable change in policy within recent years. Whereas eight years ago I publicly charged the Metropolitan Museum, and particularly its then director, with gross neglect of the contemporary art of our country, it is only just that I now applaud the actions of the Museum since then, and the devoted and able work of Robert Beverly Hale, which have resulted in the acquisition of over five hundred examples, traditional and advanced, of such art.

Notable as is this record, there is urgent need for your great Museum—here on Manhattan Island, which has, so to speak, become the world's capital—to have an American Building so that our entire art from its pre-Revolutionary beginnings may be adequately and *permanently* on exhibit. Though I know you share my views, you have told me that it has up to this time been impossible because of lack both of space and funds to accomplish this purpose.

To judge whether your Museum's collection of the art of our country deserves such an American Building, I have, with Mr. Hale's aid, made a study of your Museum's possessions resulting in certain strong convictions:

1. The Metropolitan Museum's twenty-four thousand American works of art comprise, I believe, the greatest collection of American art in the world.

2. We Americans have an artistic tradition and heritage fully worthy of our great country.

3. Our artists today are producing works ranking with those of any other country.

4. Confronted with present international tensions, it is our imperative duty to place the American collection of the Metropolitan Museum on full exhibition for the world to see.

In order that the public may gain at least a hint of the Museum's treasures, I outline the result of my explorations.

The more than two thousand oils in your American collection include many of the finest examples extant. They trace the history of painting from the early limners through West, Copley, Stuart and their contemporaries to the present day.

They include innumerable famous portraits of our country's great men. They include examples of every trend our artists have followed through the centuries—the vigorous Hudson River School, the works of the painter-naturalists Audubon and Heade, our genre and still-life painters, twenty-two oils by Homer and Eakins, thirty by our expatriates Sargent, Whistler and Cassatt, works by the revolutionary "Eight" and their followers. The vast contemporary collection, most catholic in taste, ranges from Grandma Moses to Jackson Pollock.

Of American drawings, watercolors and prints, the Museum owns many thousands. How can I describe this collection? Works by Currier and Ives, a full history of American prints and illustrations, a record of American cartooning, sixty watercolors by Marin alone.

Your sculpture collection numbers over four hundred works, certainly the largest in the land. Every great sculptor our country has produced is, I believe, represented, often by his greatest work. This collection has not been on display for many years. The Museum's assemblage of four hundred or more American miniatures surpasses in size and quality all other such collections.

Of this entire great American collection only the decorative arts of the Colonial and Early American periods have been on truly permanent display in recent times. Space forbids a further list of distinguished names longer than Homer's catalogue of ships.

This description calls to my mind a French collector whom I met several years ago. Enthusiastic as he was about the Museum's world treasures, especially the superb Cloisters created by James J. Rorimer through Mr. Rockefeller's princely backing, he remarked that our "capture" (as he put it) of these treasures breeds envy of, rather than admiration for, "your rich Uncle Sam," and deplored the fact that we display so little of our own art at the Metropolitan Museum. His remarks recall the only too well justified statement of André Maurois (in his book, *A History of France*) that "the great American museums, in particular so far as contemporary movements are concerned, have become museums of French art." Is it not high time for us to answer such animadversions?

Here on Manhattan Island dwell the delegates, their staffs and families, from eighty nations. Here are consulates and representatives of foreign industries. In the past ten years more than twenty-three million visitors, not only from our forty-eight states but from many foreign lands as well, have crossed the Museum's threshold without charge (costing your Museum, you have told me, over one dollar per visit!).

It is tragically clear that neither our World War victories nor our diplomacy, nor our outpourings of billions of treasure, have yielded us the world's friendship, or brought peace to this planet. Art, which speaks a universal language of peace from "people to people," is entitled to a chance to speak out and help toward that better world which all mankind craves.

For names of once-famous emperors, soldiers, financiers and statesmen of past centuries, we have to thumb through dusty pages of history. But Maecenas and Lorenzo de' Medici live on because of what they did for letters, art, artists and the world.

A challenge and an historic opportunity confronts you, your eminent fellow trustees and all of us who are friends of your great Museum. A noble structure permanently housing the art of our country should adjoin and be an integral part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I pray the day may be near at hand when I shall see you dig the first shovelful of earth to start the foundations of the Metropolitan Museum's American Building.

Respectfully yours,
James N. Rosenberg

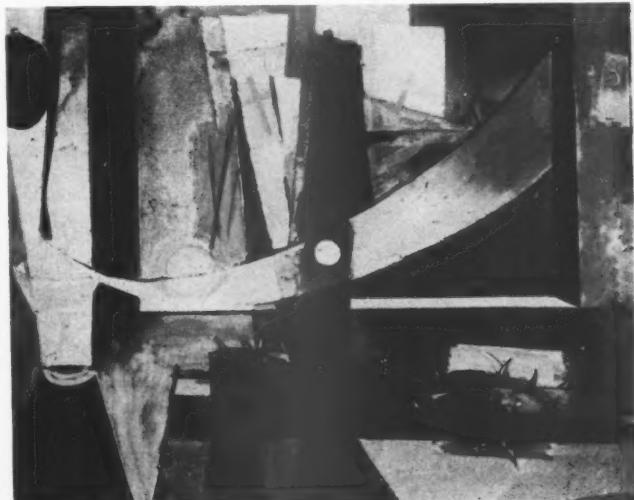


George W. Bellows, UP THE HUDSON; gift of Hugo Reisinger.



Walt Kuhn, CLOWN WITH BLACK WIG;
George A. Hearn Fund.

Lee Gatch, THE THORN; the Edward J. Gallagher III Memorial Collection.



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PARIS

The long-awaited Mondrian retrospective—in a climate of critical anti-intellectualism... a nostalgic survey of Dada... Picasso the opening exhibitor at new Louise Leiris gallery... drawings by André Derain... comprehensive shows by Jacques Villon and André Lhôte

BY BARBARA BUTLER

THIS unusually brilliant month, just preceding the burst of activity which annually characterizes *la grande saison* of May and June, has been for the most part a time of summings-up and a general deployment of major forces in review. Between the North and South Poles of the Mondrian and Dada retrospectives, exhibitions of Lhôte and Dada, Villon and Picasso lie, at intermediate latitudes, about a kind of equator: the splendid show "Depuis Bonnard" organized by the Société des Amis du Musée d'Art Moderne. This last exhibition of some two hundred paintings from private Parisian collections is in itself a kind of living academy, particularly of the Fauve period, but encompassing all of modern painting in France from Modigliani and Bonnard to Vieira da Silva. The level is uniform and unusually high, establishing a sort of standard whereby to measure current exhibitions.

The major event at this moment, however, is undoubtedly the long-awaited Mondrian exhibition which is now at the Denise René gallery. The delay in presentation is symptomatic not only of the situation of abstract painting, but of the general esthetic and intellectual climate of postwar France. But here at last, after ten years of progressive entrenchment of what is known in the enemy camp as "*l'abstraction froide*," is Mondrian in retrospective. One's first reaction is to ask why the event was so long in coming. The official explanation is that the Dutch museum authorities (which means primarily W. Sandberg) wished to hold their own large-scale retrospective beforehand, and that their French colleagues were reluctant to impose this exhibition on what they felt was an unprepared public. To judge, however, from the response to this show, the public has again been underestimated, and the exhibition has been almost as popular as the Rembrandt engravings and drawings at the Institut Néerlandais. In Mondrian another Dutch master (and, it might be added, one who made France his home through the greater part of his career) has been acknowledged.

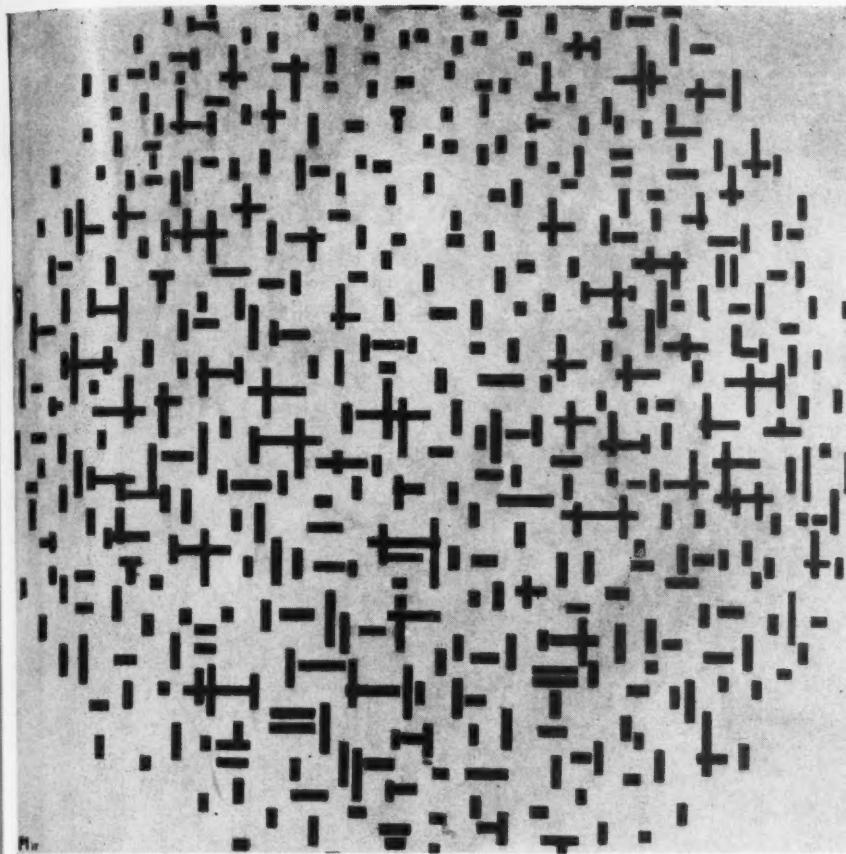
This small, admirably selected exhibition itself is well suited to introduce the artist. Based on the Mondrian show at the Venice Biennale this summer, it in effect does for Paris largely what the Sidney Janis exhibition of 1949 did for New York. Highly selective, as the great Museum of Modern Art retrospective could not be, it was even more instructive. The twenty-two canvases range from the tree studies of 1910 and 1911 to (the Museum of Modern Art's) *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* of 1942-43. Those first two years were, of course, crucial—the beginning of the assimilation of Cubism which appears in the successive versions of the *Still Life with Ginger Pot*. This series represents a break, a point of departure, and must, I agree with the current exhibition catalogue, be dated 1911, rather than 1912 as Michel Seuphor argued in his recent book. (Seuphor also, with substantiating evidence, retards Mondrian's arrival in Paris until 1912, as against 1910.) This first series, like *Flowering Tree* and *Composition* of 1911, which were followed by the *Sea and Pier* and *Ocean* series, take their place within the chorus of Cubist painting and are among the greatest of their kind. The speed, the alacrity with which Mondrian seems to have grasped the lessons of Analytical Cubism, the ease and the rigor with

which from the first he manages, by using the sober shimmer of the classical Cubist palette, to define and relate interlocking and receding planes to the flat canvas surface, express the liberation which Mondrian (whose own work had already evolved in this direction) found in Cubism. We have a detailed confirmation of this in the small complementary show of pre-1911 Mondrian at the Daniel Cordier gallery. Here are some fifteen of Mondrian's earliest works: charcoal sketches, subdued landscapes in oil, and strongly articulated groups of chrysanthemums anticipating, but only just anticipating, the formal clarity of the tree studies in the larger exhibition.

Mondrian's palette subsequently became more personal in such pictures as the *Oval Composition* of 1914, and by 1917 the dominant pinks and blues are put to the service of a structural tact and elegance, developed over the years of Cubist activity, to produce the first "chessboard" pictures, whose movement and measured rhythms of bright, precise forms anticipate his last New York *Boogie-Woogie* paintings. The 1917 line composition on view is clearly an outgrowth of the pier and sea studies, in which dots and intercrossed dashes play about the center of gravity established by a deepening of value intensities effected by concentration of these forms—an indirect adaptation of an engraving technique. From 1920 on, of course, the development is slower, more gradual. For Mondrian, Neo-Plasticism was, among other things, a relentless, patient attempt to define the limits of painting and the series of Neo-Plastic works, which are extremely well represented here—in fact rightly form the core of the exhibition—show a steady progress until 1942, when there occurs the extraordinary leap to the higher-keyed, faster-tempoed *Broadway Boogie-Woogie*.

One comes away from this very great exhibition soothed and elated, and with of course that feeling of amazement that genius always inspires—at the daring, the patience, the remarkable sustained energy of Mondrian's career, the steady searching, the contradiction, the brilliant resolution. And one wonders at the distinctly measured acclaim of the press (Chastel of *Le Monde* and his more adventurous colleague at *Combat* seem to agree in an ambivalent feeling of respect and uneasy admiration for his "Moral Example"). Such reserve seems to derive from a general wave of antipathy here, generalized since the war, toward the explicitly intellectual in art generally, toward ratiocination in literature and what is considered excessive formalism in painting—a reaction, perhaps, against the native rigor of the Cartesian tradition (or, one might add, the philosophical victories of German idealism as well as German methods of philosophy which have become the dominant intellectual influence in postwar France).

THE reaction against intellectualism of course is nothing new, as the current Dada retrospective forcibly reminds us. One enters the Galerie de l'Institut to find oneself in a museum rather than a "show." Here is the anti-rationalist insurrection institutionalized, abstracted from context. In cases and on shelves lie the "ready-mades," the "Gift" (a spiked iron) of Man Ray, the provocative invitations of the movement—all of them aged and touching. Our



Mondrian, LINE COMPOSITION (1917), collection Kröller-Müller Museum; at the Galerie Denise René.

pauses in delight before legendary objects: Duchamp's mustached *Mona Lisa*, the "Objet à Détruire," Picabia's and Rose Selavy's camera. The atmosphere is all nostalgia and admiration for the ease in which this gilded generation functioned, when suddenly one is precipitated from the plane of history to that of art: there are four Schwitters *Merzbilders*, striking a note of unique elegance and originality. Looking hopefully about for others, one does come upon two Arp reliefs of 1917, powerful and original, and two slight Richter drawings in colored pencil, surprisingly fresh and vivacious.

This period show is echoed in the huge collection of photographs assembled by the I. C. A. in London and presented in Paris at the Librairie La Hune by the magazine *L'Œil* as "Picasso Lui-Même." One follows the biography from Málaga to the Bateau-Lavoir and through the Rue des Grands Augustins to the Villa California. Lovers, companions and friends, Dadaists and Surrealists, Cubists and Constructivists weave in and out of this unprecedented hagiography. This constantly photographed man knows how to look back at the camera. The demonic eye confronts the lens with the calm, natural mastery of the Lion as Tamer. No lens is his match. But the major Picasso—or the real Picasso—exhibition lies four *arrondissements* away. The newly opened gallery of Louise Leiris (Kahnweiler's) on the Rue Monceau is the first really large-scale attempt to create a modern gallery since the war. Rather than install wall-to-wall carpeting and a compromise lighting system in a remodeled *hôtel particulier*, the Leiris gallery has waited to acquire premises fit for a collection of modern masters. The gallery is large, with a flexible lighting system and a simple, effective series of movable panels which allow pictures to be isolated or grouped. The only major defect is the proximity of the

office staff to the exhibition area. One meditates on Picasso to the rhythm of typewriters.

This opening show tells us what Picasso has been doing in the last two years. One is struck to begin with by the oscillating movement between Braque and Matisse, the need to re-pose and re-solve certain common problems in what is, of course, a still dominantly personal style. In a series of *Ateliers* done in cold white, grays and blues (with the green of palm trees seen through baroque-framed windows), there is a progression backward from an extravagant use of arabesque toward a reduction of forms to plain, flat areas of color. In some the eye is constantly solicited to read through the detail covering each square inch of canvas, so that in one painting the tension which should have been created by the wildly curving windows that enclose the frantic scene, rather like a pair of drunken parentheses, is completely destroyed. These problems are resolved however in *Seated Odalisques* and *Woman in Atelier* and in a splendid *Nude* slung diagonally across a garden scene; here "woman" is treated in white, cold blue and green, in a series of massive cabochonlike forms. The impression of weight and movement is extraordinary even for Picasso's recognized mastery of large elements.

Maeght this month is showing a number of Derain's drawings. They were assembled by Madame Derain after her husband's death and are presented untitled, undated, and therefore, I presume, uncatalogued—as she found them. The drawings are almost uniformly successful, although in various ways. There are landscapes and many nudes in charcoal and in pencil, these last executed with a verve almost reminiscent of Lachaise. What distinguishes them above all, however, is an infallible sense of *mise en page*. One line drawing of a nude is splayed out diag-

onally against the page in an attitude of auto-erotic abandon, her legs and one arm dividing the picture space in two large beautifully related areas. Mondrian, one feels, would have appreciated this. There are also a few penciled landscapes in which the lines, used with strict economy, act as incisions which serve to articulate the white space of the paper—work that allows a glimpse of the formalist *manqué*.

Only a few doors away, at the Louis Carré gallery, is a retrospective of Villon's engravings dating from 1911 to 1953. As in all of Villon's shows, the atmosphere, the effect generated, is of something not only handsome, but exemplary. One is reminded of this on proceeding to the Musée d'Art Moderne, where in a large show of "La Jeune Gravure Contemporaine" there are four of the plates on display at Carré's. It would, of course, be unfair to judge any of the artists represented in the large museum group against the Villon retrospective. There are, however, a large number of accomplished plates many of which, like Friedlaender's (the exhibition is obviously misnamed), to take but one example, go on from year to year, being just that and posing no problem either for the artist or the viewer. There are two large foreign contingents, Japanese and Yugoslav. Many of the latter are color wood blocks, and there are lithographs by Josip Restek of Zagreb which have the sumptuous chic, and not much more, of Clavé's illustrations of Rabelais. The Japanese come off rather well technically, although what is bad tends to be quite bad indeed. The color woodcuts range from calendar and children's-book style to the ease and sophistication of early Motherwell suggested in Kawanishi's *Brocanteur*.

But the lesson of the Villon exhibition lies in his refusal to be doctrinaire, his consistent desire to re-pose problems on different levels at different times, and his ability to assimilate and master the past. In *L'Homme lisant* (1953), the upward movement of planes, which rise in a slight threat of disequilibrium toward the head which is the only figurative area of the picture (and for that reason, treated less insistently and more suggestively than the rest), is constantly related to the edges of the frame. In *Le Philosophe* (1930), we have Daumier seen in the light of Analytical Cubism. More insistently edifying is André Lhôte, who is showing a large group of canvases and some watercolors at the Galerie Galanis. Here, as always with Lhôte, one gets a sense of all the lessons learned and applied, of the fine receptive student who became the masterly pedagogue. The watercolors are almost without exception rigorously Cézannesque and quite without exception beautiful and successful. The canvases represent varying degrees of systematic application of Cubist construction and Fauve color, a kind of elaborate synthesis of a whole area, or of two, perhaps. The brilliant warm colors in the landscapes, the yellows, purples, pinks and blues which Bonnard fused into a kind of paradoxically cold light, are here used to reconcile the real depth with the flat picture plane. In *La Foire à Neuilly* (1922), a balloon and two flat floats swoop with unexpected dynamism over the entrance to a suburban fair, but set one wondering what, for example, Lapicque's wit and verve, as seen in his "Venetian" canvases this year, would have done with this. In *Côte froide à Mirande* (1923), Lhôte uses plumelike forms in green, blue and yellow, curling yet flat, to give an unprecedented, rolling movement to the landscape. Cézanne, the Fauves, Juan Gris, Delaunay and Gauguin are all assimilated and fused, if not transcended; rigor, modesty, high seriousness and civilization radiate from the four walls of the gallery. The paintings, if not the watercolors, have a "signature"; this is not quite the same thing as a unique vision, of course, but it is a great deal nevertheless.

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Recent Paintings

CHICAGO'S NO-JURY EXPERIMENT

The No-Jury Exhibition at Chicago's Navy Pier, numbering over two thousand entries, underscores a depressing confusion between the amateur and the professional.



Eleanor Coen, GROWING CITY.

BY ALLEN S. WELLER

THE vast Chicago Artists No-Jury Exhibition is now a matter of history, and perhaps there has never been another event like it. It is certainly not often that one sees in one place 2,671 works of art by 1,534 different artists. It took just about three hours to walk through the huge exposition rooms at Navy Pier, without ever stopping to study an individual work. Unlike all other no-jury shows I have heard of, this one had lots of prize money—\$8,825 of it—as the Art Institute devoted all of the funds earmarked for the usual annual juried Chicago and Vicinity Show to this one. The money went into twenty-seven awards, and the prize-winning works, plus about twenty-five others, will be exhibited later in the year at the Art Institute. The awards were determined by Xavier Gonzalez, Daniel Catton Rich, Joseph Shapiro, Mario Ubaldi and John Walley. The show was a tremendous success in terms of attendance and enthusiastic local newspaper coverage.

I am sorry to turn in a minority report myself, but it is not just because of sore feet and an aching back that I have

grave doubts about the cultural value of such vast free-for-alls. My own feeling is that what we need in the world of art today is more selectivity, not less. I know that there has been widespread criticism of the basis of selection in many national and regional shows, and I am willing to grant that there may be many different valid standards from which works of art may be judged, but I find it hard to be sympathetic with the idea that positive values (that is, positive esthetic values) emerge from such indiscriminate exhibition.

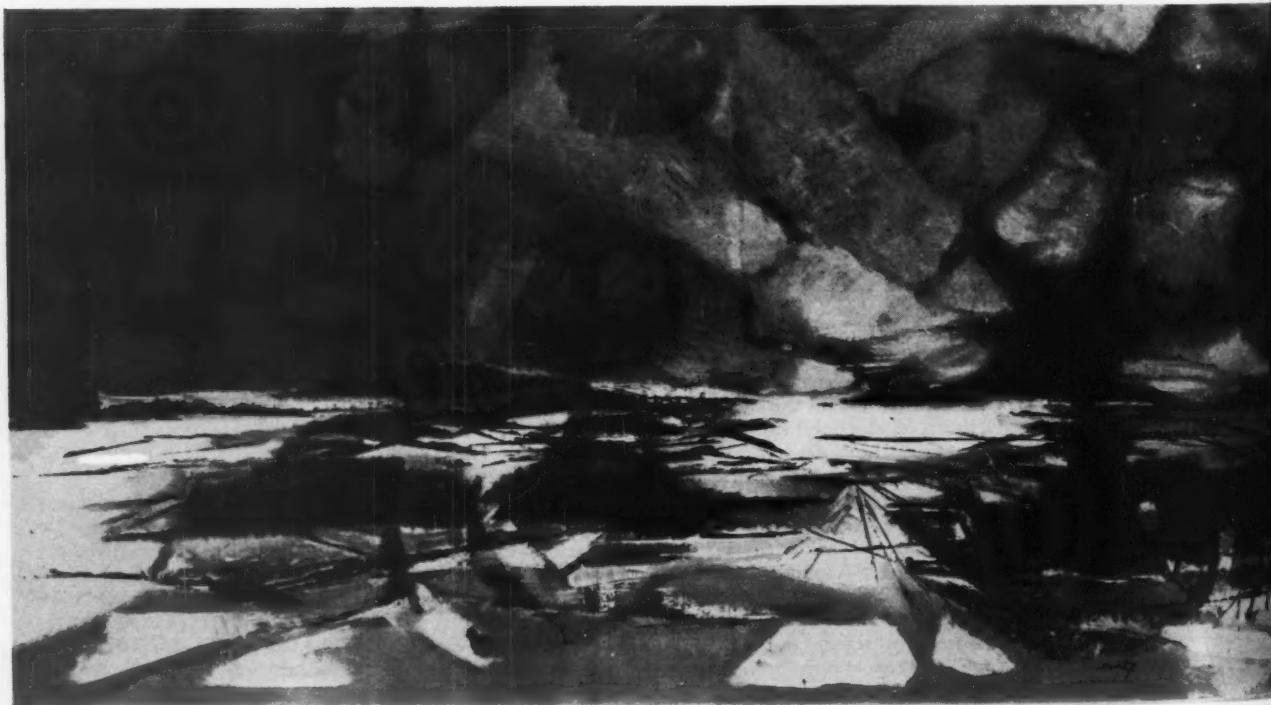
Before the show opened, I think there were a good many people who felt that perhaps it would be a good thing for the public to see what the juries of the Chicago and Vicinity Shows at the Art Institute have been looking at and rejecting for years, and that perhaps they would as a result have more understanding of the job these juries have done. Unfortunately, things didn't work out this way. I am afraid that great numbers of people were completely delighted with the many unrealized or pretentious or eccentric or amateur objects,

CHICAGO'S NO-JURY EXPERIMENT



Kwok Wai Lau, PAINTING T-C-4.

Maryl, WINTER SCENE.



and accepted them all as "art." I am afraid that there was another group which came away feeling, "I've always thought artists were crazy, and this proves it." I cannot believe that the spread of these ideas is good for the cause of a serious or responsible contemporary artistic movement.

The professional Chicago artists responded to the no-jury show superbly, and were represented in force. There were many excellent things, and I have the impression that the jury did its job well and that the small selective show which we will see later at the Art Institute will be a good one. The top prize of \$1,500 was given to Eleanor Coen's *Growing City*, a fluent and sensitive composition, organic and sophisticated. Prizes of \$1,000 and \$750 went to Robert Anderson's *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, a well-composed collage, with films of delicate color on transparent surfaces, to Kwok Wai Lau's *Painting T-C-4*, a dark abstract landscape theme, with effective flashes of gold and brown, and to Richard Hunt for his imaginative welded *Steel Bloom, No. 10*. Prizes of \$500 went to Maryl, Sylvia Shaw Judson and Una Hollands for works which in each case were successful, and which will add distinction to the later selective show. Among the many other prizes, I found James Walker's collage, *Creation of Eve*, particularly good, with its curious integration of old objects and new movement. But the good works were so overwhelmed by the bad, and the numbers led to such complete mental and visual exhaustion, that it was a struggle to see them.

YET the show was enormously informative, and I wish that it might have been seriously analyzed from several points of view. We would know much more about the ideas which are milling around in a sort of vast general public subconscious—ideas about life, ideas about art—could such a sociological, psychological and statistical analysis be made. Why, for instance, are there many more cats than dogs, and comparatively few



James Walker, CREATION OF EVE.



Robert James Anderson, YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW.

goats? Many of the cats are looking out of windows at rainy streets; several of the dogs are looking at birds. Why is the motif of rearing, fighting horses so popular? (So are large horses' heads.) Apparently the great popular heroes of the moment (judging by amateur portraitists who have no hesitancy in painting portraits of people they have never seen) are the Pope, Einstein, Toscanini and Yul Brynner. Dead toreros in sharp foreshortening are also currently popular. There was an enormous amount of "romantic" landscape (mountains, snow scenes, seascapes), a large amount of embarrassingly bad, sickeningly sentimental imitations of mail-order religious art, many compositions built around the idea of reaching hands, lots of illustrations of science fiction, huge numbers of pirouetting ballerinas and circus pictures (all clowns are sad, and most of them seem to be watching accidents on the high wires). One can only be amazed at the bravery of amateur artists in their tackling of the most tremendous themes: the number of "cosmic" conceptions, apparently with vast symbolic implications, was impressive. There is something depressing about the idea of melting a piece of plastic, allowing it to drip down over a board, and then labeling it "Soul." The relative easiness of modern sculptural techniques (insecure welding, synthetic metals, painted plaster) has given rise to a whole school of makers of tiny grotesques. I saw many wiry insectlike forms, usually creeping in a sinister fashion very close to the floor, or else falling on each other in a rather savage way. There was also a considerable number of small squatting plaster nudes, usually firmly planted on enormous feet. Among the "advanced" artists, the influence of Marca-Relli and Kline was strong. The usual joker had attached a fake sign giving a thousand-dollar prize to a fireplug and hose in one corner. Several artists had discovered the fascinating motif of looking at their own feet. There was much work which can only be called "modernistic." Some of this was

painted on corrugated cardboard, at times with cellophane used not as wrapping, but as part of the fabric of the composition itself. There was sculpture in soap, and a construction in lump sugar. A special study might be made of the remarkable painted frames. There was a considerable pornographic element, of course, to be seen in the work of a group who paint female nudes in strong, raking light, thus creating remarkably powerful shadows. Such a survey of what might be called the popular subconscious shows that it follows quite definite patterns. Indeed, it is almost frighteningly regimented.

It is obvious that a tremendous number of people derive a peculiar kind of satisfaction from seeing their handiwork on a wall in a public place, even though they know that it is there through no recognized merit of its own. But there is a danger that many of these people, as well as many visitors, will make no distinction between serious work which is the result of intelligent discipline or significant intuitions, and activities which are simply enjoyable pastimes. Our great difficulty, in the field of art, is that we no longer distinguish between professional and amateur. There is no other field in which we mix up the two in anything like the same way. The amateur athlete who plays a game for fun over the weekend would never dream of appearing publicly in an exhibition match with an Olympic champion, any more than I would think of issuing a record of my playing of the piano. But because of the fact that many of the nineteenth-century artists whom we now admire were dismissed by the academic critics of their day as incompetents, many amateur painters today think that they may be misunderstood geniuses as well. The public exhibition of great numbers of works which would automatically be excluded by any jury from a show today may consequently be highly misleading, and my fear is that it may give thousands of people an utterly incorrect idea of what contemporary art is all about.

SCULPTURE AND

BY DAVID SMITH

SCULPTURE has from the esthetic point of view shared little with architecture at any time in our century. Its vision, technics, production and the character of the men who conceive it are quite different from those of architecture. And yet you can still read and hear that they are related and dependent, or that each needs the other in order to fulfill itself.

The source of this misconception is the art historian, who has linked sculpture and architecture together for all time by certain misleading generalizations which everybody has come to believe—everybody except sculptors and architects.

Sculpture in our century has been nurtured on total freedom. If it has been linked with architecture, it is only by circumstance. Its esthetics is shared only by painting: the two have been interchangeable conceptually and productively since Cubism. But neither painting nor sculpture has been helped by architecture.

Architecture has come close to the point of being the product of a collective of engineers and businessmen. That part in it which is devoted to "embellishment" is often ruled by cubic-foot cost; the marble and bronze that were once sculpture now form walls and the fixtures of the restrooms. The collectivized client has accepted the architect's collectivized conception without feeling the need for works of art. At the same time the sculptor has become more autonomous and individual, but not by choice necessarily. Pursuing his concept, he projects the boundaries of sculpture in the other direction.

The sculptor lives within his environment, creates from his personal nature. No part of his life, or of his convictions, or of his dreams, is on the same level as that on which architecture works.

His environment is plain, its walls have cracks, you ascend by stairs. The fare is supermarket, the still life is in season, the bottle is of no special vintage. The view from the window is roof and chimneys. The *plein air* is the street.

Sculptors live in lofts, garages and tenements; a few in studios, a few in country conversions. Their view of contemporary building is from the edge and at quite a distance. But from them comes the work of art.

In the sculptors' view, the work of art is the product of the labor and esthetic vision of one man, a work made purely for visual response. The same can be said of painting. It is a free and individual art, without outside reference or compromise, from origin of vision to completion.

The sculptor cannot turn creation on for a demand outside his nature. Along with the painter, he has worked from personal choice for a hundred years.

In this century and this country the creative position has changed for both the painter and sculptor; part of

that position has changed during this decade. Artists have won battles for independence, and they no longer feel, at least not in quite the same anguished way, the need to be loved by the public. Their opinion, expressed without organization or method, eventually determines art taste. Their *avant-garde* discovers and rediscovers merit before the connoisseurs are aware of it, and elevates its own preferences, which eventually acquire legislative force.

This is a situation that artists themselves still do not grasp completely, that art historians are not comfortable with, and which is altogether rejected by the architect, who somehow feels sheltered by the myth that he is the father of us all. However, the theoreticians—art historians in the main—who are responsible for such myths are daily losing credit as the formulators of the relations between artists and contemporary esthetics.

Architectural recognition or application of sculpture has not furthered it by so much as an inch in our day, whether materially or qualitatively. The achievements, the impulses, the great concepts of our age have come from the artist alone. The fact that no contemporary sculptor or painter has ever done anything on an architectural commission that matches the best things done out of his own need suggests a failure of contact in whatever relation has been established between the fine arts and architecture.

When, and if, the sculptor is called in by the architect, it is as if by an afterthought. In any case, good sculpture is not decorative; it is not made to fill the space in which the architect used to appliquéd his own scrolls of fauna form.

Painters have fared no better. They have worked in mural size since Courbet, and yet in the hundred years since Impressionism began, the architects have passed up many works of art that were on an architectural scale. Monet, Rodin, Bonnard, Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Gallo, Laurens, Lachaise, and Lipchitz, and a hundred other modern painters and a dozen other modern sculptors, have had their full-scale works go unnoticed by architects. The latter have generally commissioned artless anecdote. Only rarely have they commissioned *art*; oftener, the architect has designed his own substitute. To get *art*, architects will have to prepare themselves to take sculpture on its own independent merits. And they will have to subordinate their own egos to the extent of permitting the work of sculpture to relate itself to the work of architecture as one contemporary autonomy to another, in a relationship of esthetic strength and joint excellence. This is up to the architect, not the sculptor, and until the architect acquires the needed humility, the two arts will remain the strangers they have long been to one another.

ARCHITECTURE

BY SIDNEY GEIST

IT OUGHT to be quite clear by now to anyone interested in the theme that contemporary sculpture and architecture have nothing to do with each other. It is not only that sculptors do not design for architecture and that architects rarely call upon the services of sculptors, but that the very forms, means, methods and ends of the two disciplines are divergent. As against the unexampled exuberance and variety of forms in sculpture, we have an ever-stricter sameness (or so it seems to sculptors) of recent architecture (in the United States, anyway). As against the individualistic and personal that prevail in sculpture we have the modular and impersonal in architecture. The sculptor offers a statement, the architect provides a place (which is more often than not an object). The economies and workshops of the two arts are at opposite ends of the social world.

What, then, is the meaning of the recurrent raising of the issue of the union of sculpture and architecture? Is indeed such a union possible, necessary or even worth while at this moment, and if so, how?

When the issue arises among sculptors, on the one hand, it arises only too often from a desire for self-aggrandizement; and this desire hides behind the sentimentality that even bad sculpture is to be preferred to none, and more sculpture to less. Let's face it: some places are better off without sculpture, and much sculpture is not fit for the rough-and-tumble of the architectural situation. Then, too, the desire for public sculpture is often the projection of a vain historicism. Sculpture in the past, goes the argument, was always integrated with architecture; why not now? The answer is simply that the conditions of past integrations no longer exist, and that when it is made to appear that they do exist, history does indeed repeat itself in the form of comedy. History, in this case, can teach us only that we can have no other than our own. We must make our way within our own situation. (If this sounds like *laissez faire*, it seems at the moment the only way to preserve the *savoir faire* of the modern sculptor. No one wants to modify his style, or design moldings and doorknobs.) And of course a situation can always be changed.

When, on the other hand, the issue of the sculpture-architecture relation crops up among architects, it is often due to bad conscience, which is also partly the result of traditionalistic thinking. Haven't we left something out? Does every architectural moment have to be like every other? We have adapted so many ideas of the artist; couldn't we go to them directly? The answers to these questions usually turn out to be no, yes and no. The emptiness and sameness persist, and the architect turns to the engineer and the industrial designer rather than to the artist. As a result, modern architecture has,

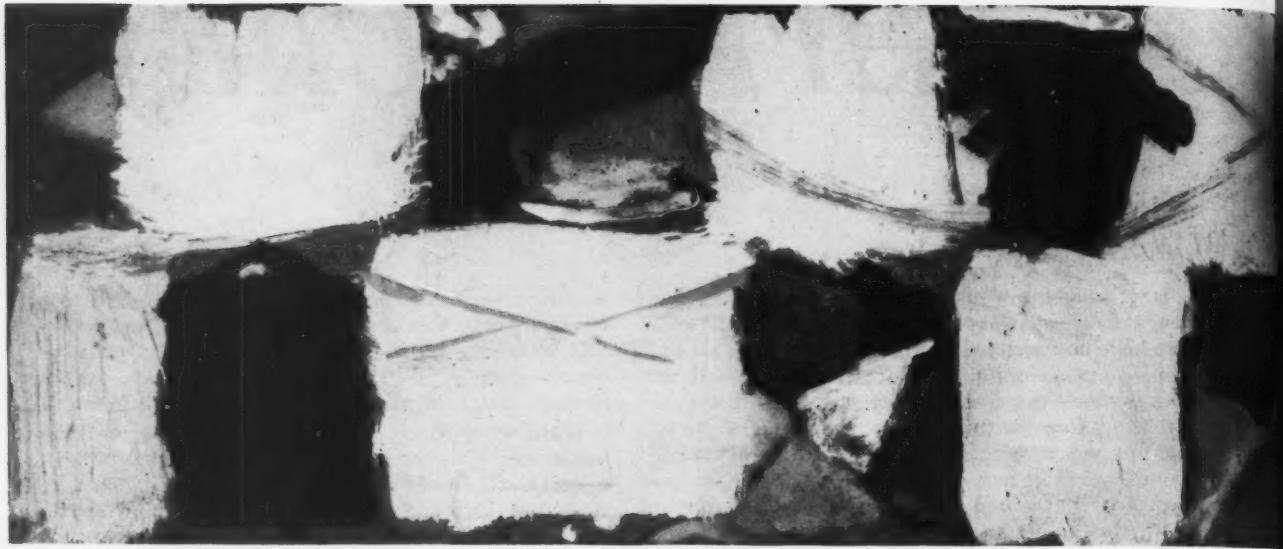
it cannot be denied, a clarity of style; also, it satisfies the economic equation, and it works. But at a great price. Bad conscience turns to fear, and fear indulges in excesses as architecture leaves out more and more in order to maintain its identity.

While it is barely conceivable that sculptors might collaborate with architects in the *design* of buildings, it is conceivable only in the rarest instances. Such a collaboration is certainly some time off and would produce a new architecture. In the realm of the more possible, however, it does seem unnecessary to call upon sculptors to aid in the *decoration* of architecture, since most of the traditional problems and solutions are no longer pertinent or interesting. In any case, such a relation is not likely to add anything to architectural style at this point, nor is it likely to produce good sculpture or even sculpture as good as that which the sculptor ordinarily makes for himself.

In view of these factors it would appear that a union of sculpture and architecture is not easily possible or even necessary. The two can go and are going their separate ways. It remains only to ask, is such a union worth while? Is it, in the face of logic, economics and differing esthetics, worth while to incorporate works of art in architectural settings? It would seem so as long as the issue arises in any serious quarter. Bad reasoning and bad conscience aside, sculpture and architecture still call to each other as if by a primordial urging. The impersonality of the materials of architecture asks for the sense of touch which the work of art provides; the work of the hand is transitional between the building and its user. As for the contemporary situation, modern sculpture has not been tested in the street, so to speak; and modern architecture, for its part, would do well to relieve its nudity.

UNDER the special conditions that pertain, what relation can be established between sculpture and architecture? The only practicable one that can be envisaged is a relation of juxtaposition or apposition, even to the extent of difference and contrast. Given the contemporaneity of sculptural and architectural modes, such a relation would not be as violent as one might think. Besides, it could have been expected that a new sculpture and a new architecture would be in a new relationship. We are at a point where the very forces that sent sculpture and architecture down different roads can now be conceived as having them meet again, if not in the old relations of interpenetration, collaboration and integration, then in the new one of complementary difference and contrast. (This effect is observable in the political,

continued on page 64



January, 1953.

INTRODUCING ROGER HILTON

BY PATRICK HERON

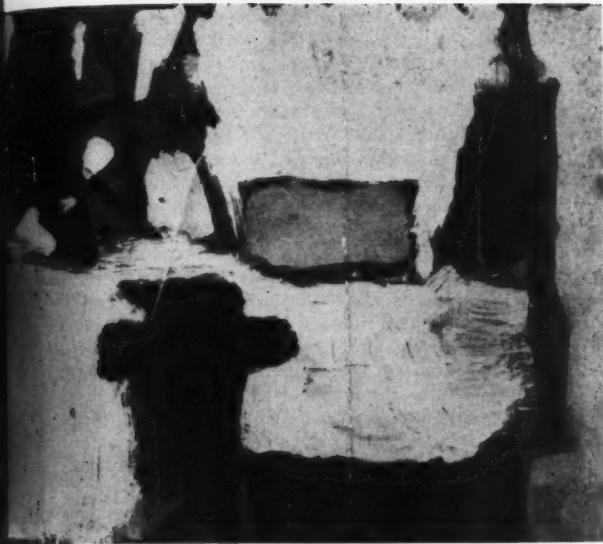
WHEN I first began to write for ARTS, about two years ago, one of my ambitions, proclaimed in my first article, was to persuade an American audience that there were a number of younger painters working in England who were already making a contribution to the art of our time which was comparable in importance to those far better known developments taking place in Paris and New York. You had already made the acquaintance, of course, of a small selection of living British artists. And one or two of these (Ben Nicholson, for instance) were "exports" I thought we need not be at all ashamed of. But there were others—romantics, mostly, both decorative and illustrational—whose merit is more apparent to minor English poets and literary journalists than to anyone who shares in those internationally accepted values that inform the plastic arts.

I must say it seems to me likely that, compared with England, the United States today possesses an impressively numerous body of people who do participate in these values—that is, they directly apprehend the plastic and visual abstract realities of which paintings and sculpture are actually constituted. Most American art criticism, for instance, is superior to most English in that it shows a wonderful instinctive readiness to focus discussion upon the palpable formal realities of a painting, rather than (as in England) upon questions of iconography, interpretation, symbolism or "meaning"—indeed, upon anything that will deflect attention from the simple facts of color and form, of design or architecture, of textural expression, of spatial organization or illusionistic configuration—all of which, it seems, are facts too simple for the English critical mind to come to terms with. On the other hand, if there is an obvious danger confronting much American criticism, it is that the formal approach itself is showing signs of sprouting a new academicism all its own. It is not enough merely to list the dominant colors in a painting, vaguely enumerate instances of diagonal stresses, vertical rhythms or planal counterpoint: these phrases are mere jargon unless they are seen to be emerging out of an attempt to describe an actual passage in a particular picture. Mere description is the beginning and end

of good art criticism. And out of particular and acute description will flow all the wider references and more generalized statements that are necessary.

During these last two years, however, New York has been able to see at first hand something of the younger generation of English painters about whom I have been enthusiastic in the pages of ARTS; and it seems that William Scott, Alan Davie and Peter Lanyon, in particular, have been well received. Their considerable separate successes (and already, after one show apiece, Lanyon and Davie might be considered more "successful" in New York than in London) are most encouraging to a number of their friends, whose work is, like their own, more closely related either to American or French non-figurative painting than it is to those more British forms that still find most favor with the artistic Establishment over here. These successes have also encouraged me to write this profile of Roger Hilton—a painter I have long believed to be in the front rank.

On Hilton's work I have written several times in the past; and at the present moment there is no doubt that he at last enjoys a very serious reputation amongst fellow artists in this country; but the fact remains that as yet he is accorded no recognition here that is in any way commensurate with his remarkable achievement. So I begin this tribute with the bold statement that Roger Hilton is, in my view, destined in time to enjoy an international status as high as that of any painter of his generation yet known to me. Such a remark as this must, of course, have the appearance of being either an outrageously biased or subjective assessment of the work of a personal friend—or else of sheer prophecy. I believe it to be the latter, naturally! And I do indeed think that it will very soon be widely recognized that there are English painters—Scott, Lanyon, Hilton, Terry Frost and Bryan Wynter, for instance—who already have the look of complete quality when seen in the company of the best painters of their generation in Paris or New York. It is true that one never knows what is "coming up": an unknown genius *may* arise who will slightly invalidate these predictions. But what I am here drawing



attention to is something I consider to be a fact—which is that if these younger English painters had had behind them the full machinery of "The School of Paris" (numerous organizations, official and unofficial), then I am quite sure that their international status would differ in no way *at this moment* from that of their famous contemporaries in France—Soulages, Manessier, Poliakoff or Riopelle, for instance.

ALL of which, the American reader of ARTS may now mutter, is putting the cart before the horse. For who is this Roger Hilton anyway? Born in London in 1911, he is one of the few English painters whose acquaintance with modern French painting is more intimate and profound than something one picks up from a few visits to Paris and a habit of looking at exhibitions of French painting in the dealers' galleries in London. Hilton attended the Slade School for a while, from the age of nineteen; but in 1931 (when he was twenty) he took himself off to Paris, and for the next eight years—until, in fact, he was prevented by the war—he spent at least half his time there, either working on his own or at the Académie Ranson, where Roger Bissière, as a visiting teacher, made the chief impression on him and where he recalls that Manessier, Le Moal and Francis Gruber, curiously enough, were or had been students. Manessier did not actually overlap with Hilton it seems: but his influence was nevertheless present; and indeed it was this influence that finally registered in Hilton's first important non-figurative phase, which lasted from 1950 to 1953, and which was revealed to the public in the first of three one-man shows at Gimbel Fils in 1952.

Hilton, with his own wry humor, his thin, tall, slightly round-shouldered figure, his small birdlike head with its small, very sharp, slightly down-turning beak of a nose that pecks its way into anyone else's arguments till they resemble torn bits of paper—Hilton himself would be the first to discourage the notion that the facts of a painter's physical existence and the history of his personal life, his comings and goings, his likes and dislikes, the precise character of the landscape or town-scape surrounding him, the number of his children or wives or hats, were of more interest than the pictures he achieves. Although I have here no intention of painting a full portrait of this unusual man I cannot entirely pass over the facts of his life in writing a "profile" of him. So let me briefly record that he lives in a smallish early-Victorian house in Holland Park, London, where the neat gray-yellow brick façades of the streets

seem curiously brittle and the rose or yellow haze of the London atmosphere presses against the elegant little window panes in winter, reducing the spiky black branches of a row of limes opposite to a Whistlerish silhouette of tangled black lace. He is married, and the father of two young children: he reads much, walks fast and far, when in Cornwall, but slowly and little when in town: talks provocatively and often brilliantly—and not only about painting—sparing no one, great or small, at parties, when he is in the mood to analyze, with aggressive sharpness and wit, both character and works. Thus, a well-known art-school professor, encountered at a moment when the offer of a teaching job would have greatly assisted Hilton's finances, would be told outright that he (the professor) had long since forfeited his claims to be taken seriously as an artist; a famous critic would be told the truth about his writing; a fellow painter have his pictorial weaknesses pinpointed; and so on—until suddenly the fire departs from this slight, bespectacled figure and he shrinks into a self-accusing silence, feeling he has overdone things a little. Then the slow, well-educated drawl of his speech will be heard once again in a kindlier role—in the neutral one of the pictorial theorist, for, like all adventurous painters, he is much occupied with speculative thought about the future of painting as well as with the urgent and more intuitive practice of the art itself. Finally, one should record that Hilton volunteered as a Commando during the war, was sent on raids to Norway in 1940 and was captured by the Germans in the raid on Dieppe in 1942, spending the next two and a half years in prisoners' camps in Silesia and ending up with a forced march of hundreds of miles on starvation rations before being released by the Allies in 1945.

HILTON says that it was not until 1950 that his first consistently abstract work was done; and that both Manessier and the Scottish abstract painter William Gear were at that point influencing him. The long thin horizontal painting entitled simply *January, 1953* (all his pictures are given the date



Recent photograph of Roger Hilton.

INTRODUCING ROGER HILTON

of their execution for their sole title), is the last painting which Hilton made in this manner—that is to say, in the "impressionist" non-figurative style which he explored between 1950 and 1953. After this he entered the most austere phase of his career (he calls it his neo-plastic period) abandoning the rich, soft, furry, impressionist paint surfaces, the multiple-color schemes and the small fragmented forms which often consisted of nothing more *constructional* than a group of brush blobs, smears, streaks, smudges or splotches of richly sensuous paint. *July, 1953* (it is in the collection of the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam), is an example of this neo-plastic style, with its flat, almost bleak areas of knifed color, its ragged forms reduced to five or six in number, its colors to three or four. This phase lasted until early in 1955 when, confronted by a logic which seemed to insist on the abandonment of painting altogether (the predominantly spatial interest of such works pointing to the making of constructions in solid materials), Hilton rebelled and swerved back into a form of expressionist abstraction which has, since that date, become decidedly figurative—nudes, a cat, a fishing boat being some of the images one finds in his work at the present moment. *December, 1956*, is an example of this third phase of semi-figurative expressionist abstraction.

To return to the impressionist period, and look for a moment at the long horizontal panel of *January, 1953*—one is immediately conscious, I should have said, of two things: a brilliantly certain instinct for wielding that instrument of visual expression known as a brush; and a sure intellectual scheme governing the balance of all the diverse forms—a checkerboard of rectangular patches, in which the dark rectangles are all divided up, internally, into blunt, asymmetric triangles, or thick stripes. What you cannot see from the photograph is the superb color: Hilton is unsurpassed as a

colorist in England today, partly on account of his profound sense of tone, and partly because of his extraordinary range. A scheme of his may consist of lemon, white, black and Venetian red: or of caramel brown, terre-verte, black and cherry red: or of violet, gray, white and emerald green. It is as though the light brilliancy of Matisse's schemes were added to the furry walnuts and khaki browns of Braque. This canvas, *January, 1953*, for instance, is dominated by warm yellows: subtle beige-pinks, blue-grays and blacks are placed in a cadmium-yellow setting, the vibrant result being sunny and calm. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary qualities of Hilton's work is this final calm which the apparently wild, expressionist, gesticulating scribbles of brush and knife settle down into: the component forms may be flapping lopsided, raggedly staring, explosively expressive; yet the total configuration of the design has always added up to something utterly resolved, something formally immaculate and complete. A wild, destructive, gawky imagery is subjected to the disciplines of fine painting.

In this earliest, "impressionist" abstract phase Hilton may be said to have dealt only with what Clement Greenberg has called, I think, "shallow space." Writing at the time of his show at Gimpel Fils in 1952, in which paintings in the manner of this *January, 1953*, were shown, I said: "Hilton begins and ends with paint. His whole system of pictorial thought and emotion is centered in his brush strokes themselves. The precise character, the texture, size, color, tone, direction and rhythm of each ragged touch is his main conscious preoccupation. And this is why he is abstract. The quality of his paint surface fills his conscious mind and, thus obtruding, prevents him seeing round or beyond it to the need for a subject. Nevertheless, what we call 'the subject' is something eternally present in visual art. It is an element no conscious effort on the abstract artist's part can succeed in eliminating. . . . the



July, 1953; collection Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.

January, 1954.

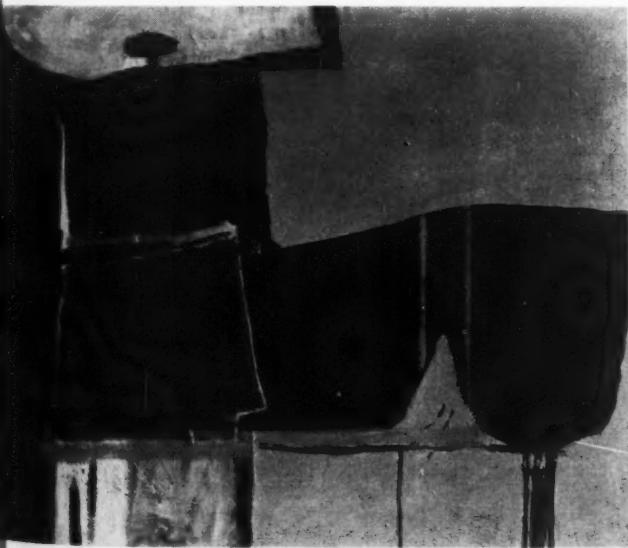


mind insists on finding an equivalent for that reality *beyond* the paint which once was a nude on a bed, or two trees and a haystack . . . [our minds] insist on reading a double meaning into every graphic mark made on paper or canvas. So, into Hilton's systems . . . we involuntarily read a three-dimensional meaning: we find 'a subject.' And that subject may be said to consist, simply, of a variety of form in space . . .

I do not think I would now say that the "reality" the mind "insists on finding beyond the paint" was an equivalent of "the subject" of a figurative painting. The fact is that one cannot make any mark on a flat surface, by means of color, which does not instantly appear to advance before, or recede behind, that surface. So the surface of a canvas is the first casualty when you put paint on it: illusionistic space is immediately created, whether or not the marks you make are figurative or non-figurative; and, if non-figurative, whether or not they are geometric or "organic." Any scribble involuntarily generates illusionistic space. So I would now put it this way: the mind insists upon seeing not only the painted marks you place on a canvas, but also a system of illusionistic spatial relationships: some color forms will come forward, some go back; some will bulge convexly, others will seem brittle and rigid; some will seem opaque, others transparent; some hard, some soft; some hot, some cold. And all these different qualities will be intrinsic in the painted marks; they will not arise because those marks "represent" objects possessing these qualities. It was precisely this sort of problem that Hilton began to explore in his next period, the neo-plastic development I have mentioned.

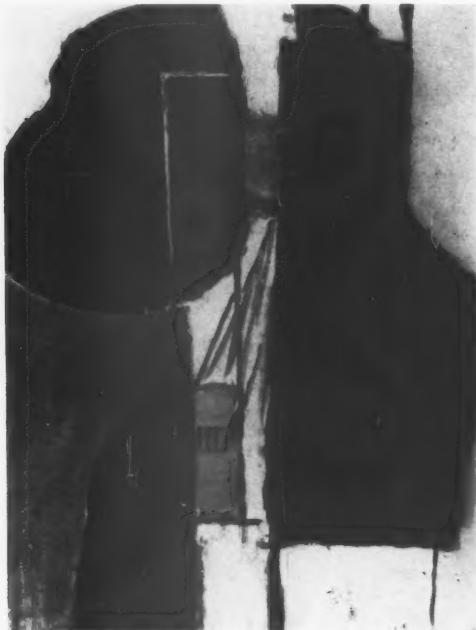
IN PAINTINGS like *July, 1953*, or *January, 1954*, Hilton's conscious preoccupation was almost exclusively with space. In *January, 1954*, the large central form (rather like a very fat inverted L) is cadmium red: then there are the single

area of pure black, the two white areas, both *behind* the red form, and the dull-yellow "ground" area. Partly because the red or black or white in a picture such as this was applied almost undiluted, and partly because the drawing of the outlines of the different slabs of color (which I have called "forms," although they create the sense of solidity and mass entirely by means of their silhouettes and their opposed color) gives them an aggressive perspective, a picture of this neo-plastic kind by Hilton may be said to manipulate actual space, rather than to create the illusion of pictorial space. That is to say, we no longer have the feeling that the frame of the picture is a window frame *through* and *behind* which we see the forms and the space which the design creates. On the contrary, the traditional illusion of forms existing behind and beyond the canvas is here more or less reversed; and what we have is a set of forms so powerful that they appear to be projecting themselves bodily out from the surface of the picture into the *actual* space of the room. They come forward from the wall on which the canvas is hanging and almost seem to push about the real objects in the room. For this reason, Hilton's paintings of this kind may be considered as supremely architectural. Indeed they *are* architecture: their presence can make a large room small or a small one larger; a long wall may contract, a short one expand with such a picture upon it. And it was precisely because he saw that they led in this purely constructivist direction (i.e., painting *becoming* architecture by way of the constructed relief, for instance) that Hilton changed course once again early in 1955 and once more allowed the twitching, nervous energy of his essential self full freedom of expression. But before making this return to a semi-figurative, expressionist abstraction in which his full enjoyment of sensuous paint-and-charcoal textures (charcoal for the lines of drawing) is evident, Hilton did make one exhibition of his austere neo-plastic



December, 1955 (Centaur).

December, 1955.



INTRODUCING ROGER HILTON



December, 1956.

Gray Figure: March, 1957



canvases which would have been admired—for its mode of presentation as well as its exhibits—by the most theoretical followers of the later Mondrian. This was in 1955 at the Simon Quinn Gallery, in Huddersfield, Yorkshire; and the "space-creating" properties of these canvases were truly tested out by a method of display which used a canvas like a screen; that is, it would be attached at each end to a pole connecting floor and ceiling, with the whole framework (poles and canvas) standing well clear of the walls, thus filling the room with a sort of picture-grid.

Before coming to his expressionist phase, and to his latest works, I must first point out that he failed entirely to conceal the purely expressive, gesticulating side of his creative self in his neo-plastic pictures. His intention was, of course, classical: he intended to suppress all the untidy feelings which the habitually lopsided balance of his forms, the "messy" troweling of pigment and the spluttering charcoal scribbles might lead us to suppose were integral to his artistic personality. Yet in all the works of this period (*January, 1954*, and *July, 1953*, are both very much cases in point) the forms have the same qualities of raggedness and asymmetry; they are blunted, round-cornered, moth-eaten at the edges; they consist of lumpy blocks from which shaky lines sometimes hang down, trailing loose as it were; the sharp straight line is a feature unknown to them, and they exhibit hardly any exactly horizontal or vertical lines or edges. They are, you might say, the very antithesis of Constructivism and of the neatness of Nicholson or Mondrian. There is always, lurking beneath the perfectly adjusted pictorial economy of the composition, something disquieting, "some immanent spirit at odds with the immaculate formal concept. Despite all their training, Hilton's forms break ranks and wave a scraggy arm at one wildly; or let their heavy heads hang down, like lifeless scarecrows."

I QUOTE this last passage from something I wrote three years ago about the forms in Hilton's neo-plastic paintings. Yet it could equally well apply to the first batch of semi-figurative works that have come since that time—e.g., *December, 1956*; *December, 1955*; or *December, 1955 (Centaur)*. However, when we come to look at the pictures he has painted in 1957—mostly at St. Ives, Cornwall, where he has recently been working for three months—a new quality is apparent. Color is silkier in tone, subtler in hue. There is an altogether new fluency in the drawing and a greater elegance in the conception; and in the handling. The march toward a greater degree of figuration continues: we are even treated to titles, at last, that are specific in suggestion, such as *Gray Figure*, or *Bateau ivre*. In the latter Hilton makes a return to his impressionist quality, while incorporating the figurative image of an old hulk. In *Gray Figure*—which is one of the most beautiful pictures he has ever painted, a work of great presence, and haunted by a sort of nostalgic eroticism—he approaches Matisse and Picasso equally, the former in the nature of the drawing (a dark gray line on a paler gray ground), the latter in the nature of his images: breasts like little cages, and a heavy right-angle along the top right of the canvas which serves to suggest both a chair back and the nude's left shoulder and arm. The small oval head, with blank face, at the top left is more Matisse again, while the line round the belly (below the little circle of the navel) is, equally, a pair of buttocks, thus suggesting Picasso's reversals of the backs and fronts of bodies at various parts of the anatomy of a single figure. However, I point to these vague parallels with Matisse and Picasso only in order to show the distance Hilton has traveled in the last year and a half from his neo-plasticism—in which the rigorous non-figuration was stylistically allied to Serge Poliakoff, I might have said. I think the essential qualities of Hilton's painting—an apparent heavy-handedness being found to embody supreme pictorial science—show at their best in this mysterious, spacious and tranquil picture.

Where will he go from *Gray Figure* (painted in March, 1957)? One has no right to predict his future style, only his great quality.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

graph the pattern of present-day American taste.

THOUGH ranging over a vast and varied field of art, the notable acquisitions announced of late by American museums reveal a distinct pattern of preference in the minds of our taste-makers across the nation.

Perhaps most significant of a trend is the number of Monets entering museum collections today. The emphasis not unexpectedly bears on the "expressionistic" works of the French master's last years at Giverny. It is only a little more than a year ago that New York's Museum of Modern Art installed its huge example from the *Water Lilies* sequence, and now, from the same series of waterscapes, the City Art Museum in St. Louis has acquired one of the *Nymphéas* exhibited last fall at Knoedler's. A related work, *Iris by the Pond*, has been purchased by the Art Institute of Chicago—which at the same time received as a gift an early portrait, *M. Coqueret, Fils*. Another early Monet, *La Japonaise*, has been acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Even if the Monets are left out of the accounting, recent accessions make clear that it is the French school of the past hundred years which currently enjoys the greatest favor throughout the country. Manet's *The Railroad* has entered the National Gallery of Art, and Courbet's *The Valley of the Black Springs* has been added to the Chicago Art Institute's extraordinary French collection. Seurat's *Port-en-Bessin* has gone to Minneapolis and the controversial Renoir bronze, *Venus Victorious*, to Portland, Oregon, while the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford has acquired works by Degas, Maillol and Boudin. Another Boudin has just entered the collection of the Santa Barbara Museum.

In the field of twentieth-century European art, the Museum of Modern Art has lately brought a number of notable sculptures to New York, among them works by Matisse, Brancusi, Picasso and Manzù. In Chicago the Art Institute has installed

paintings by Gris, Matisse, Picasso and Francis Bacon, as well as sculptures by Chadwick and Consagra acquired at the Venice Biennale. The Santa Barbara Museum presents a Tchelitchev and a Kandinsky, and a Lipchitz bronze has gone to the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha.

Among contemporary Americans, Stuart Davis, Motherwell, De Kooning, Tomlin, Moholy-Nagy, Marca-Relli, Clerk, Glasco, Gandy Brodie and Helen Frankenthaler have seen their works admitted to the Museum of Modern Art. The Art Institute in Chicago is hanging works by Stuart Davis, Hedda Sterne, George Mueller, Peter Blume, Okada and Lee Gatch. A Shahn and a Maldarelli have been installed at the Virginia Museum in Richmond. A *Moses* by Zorach has been welcomed at Columbia University, and Walter Meigs' *Rain* at Amherst College. In the Northwest the Seattle Art Museum has purchased works by Wendell Brazeau, Loyde Claussen, Steven Fuller, Boyer Gonzales and Richard Prasch.

Significant Early American additions have been announced by the Newark Museum, which is currently featuring accessions that include works by Wollaston, Pratt, Sully, Cropsey and Hicks. The Brooklyn Museum has purchased James Hamilton's *Foundering* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*. A portrait by Ralph Earl and a still life by Peto have entered the Institute collection in Chicago, and the Wadsworth Atheneum hails the gift of *Miss Eggington*, America's earliest dated painting (1664).

Among the old masters, the Northern school at present seems distinctly to have eclipsed the Mediterranean—although the National Gallery has just welcomed a superb Goya, his *Victor Goye*, and the Chicago Art Institute and the Wadsworth have both added to their Italian Baroque collections. Foremost among recent old-master accessions is the Rembrandt paired portrait at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, *The Reverend Johannes Elison and His Wife*. A Rembrandt draw-

Claude Monet, NYMPHEAS, acquired by the City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri; the work is a gift of the Steinberg Charitable Fund.



RECENT ACQUISITIONS

ing, *The Beheading of Saint John the Baptist*, has just been acquired by the Worcester Art Museum. Other recent additions by Northern masters include Hans Baldung Grien's *Venus and Cupid*, at the Minneapolis Institute; Joos van Cleve's *The Holy Family*, at the Currier Gallery in Manchester, New Hampshire; Jan Sanders van Hemessen's *Judith*, at the Chicago Art Institute; and Matthias Stomer's *Christ Bound to the Column*, at the Providence Museum.

In a category to itself is the fourteenth-century crucifix by Francesco di Vannuccio, purchased by the Bob Jones University Museum in Greenville, South Carolina.

In the domain of ancient sculpture, a number of memorable—and catholic—selections have been reported. The Metropolitan in New York has placed on display a Sumerian copper statuette (c. 2600 B.C.) of a man, as well as an ancient Persian bronze head of an ibex. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts has acquired the renowned "Tiber Statue," the Hellenistic marble muse unearthed at Rome in 1885. And the Philadelphia Museum of Art has purchased for its permanent collection the most important group of Indian stone sculpture to be seen outside of India itself.



Matthias Stomer, CHRIST BOUND TO THE COLUMN, acquired by the Providence Museum, Providence, Rhode Island; this fusion of Rubens and Caravaggio augments a recently formed and rapidly growing collection of Baroque paintings.

Francisco de Goya y Lucientes, VICTOR GUVE, acquired by the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.; the impressive and engaging portrait is a gift of William Nelson Cromwell.



Francesco di Vannuccio, CRUCIFIX, acquired by the Bob Jones University Museum, Greenville, South Carolina; a precious example of medieval devotional art, the crucifix was painted in the second half of the fourteenth century.





John Wollaston, FAMILY GROUP, acquired by the Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey; purchased through the Members Fund. An English painter, Wollaston worked in America for two decades just before the Revolution.



Jan Sanders van Hemessen, JUDITH, acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago; purchased through the Wirt D. Walker Fund.



Rembrandt van Rijn, THE BEHEADING OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, acquired by the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts.

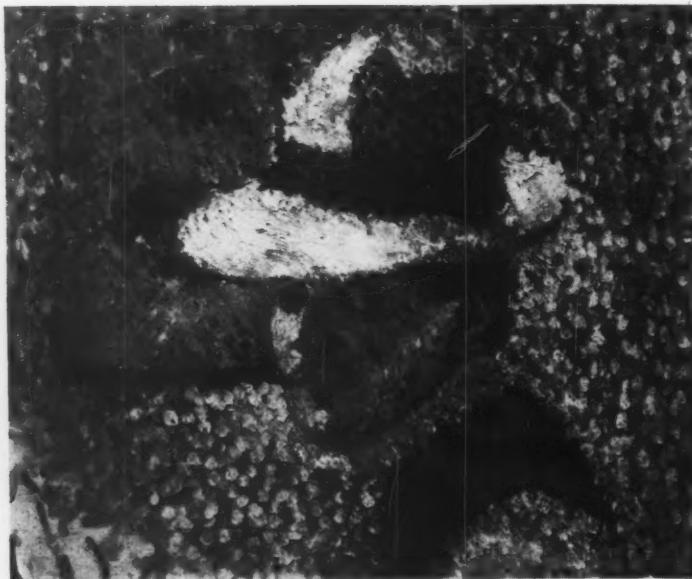


Anonymous Allahabad sculptor, HEAD OF SIVA, acquired by the Philadelphia Museum of Art; the tenth-century head is one of the forty-nine pieces making up the most important collection of Indian stone sculpture to be found in the Western world.

HANS HOFMANN

The Whitney Museum's retrospective exhibition underscores his personal achievement in recent years.

BY ELIZABETH POLLET

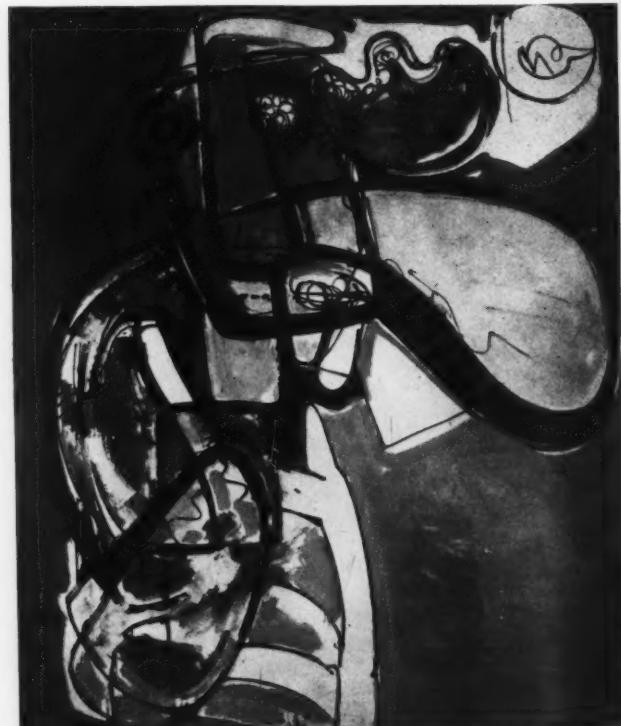


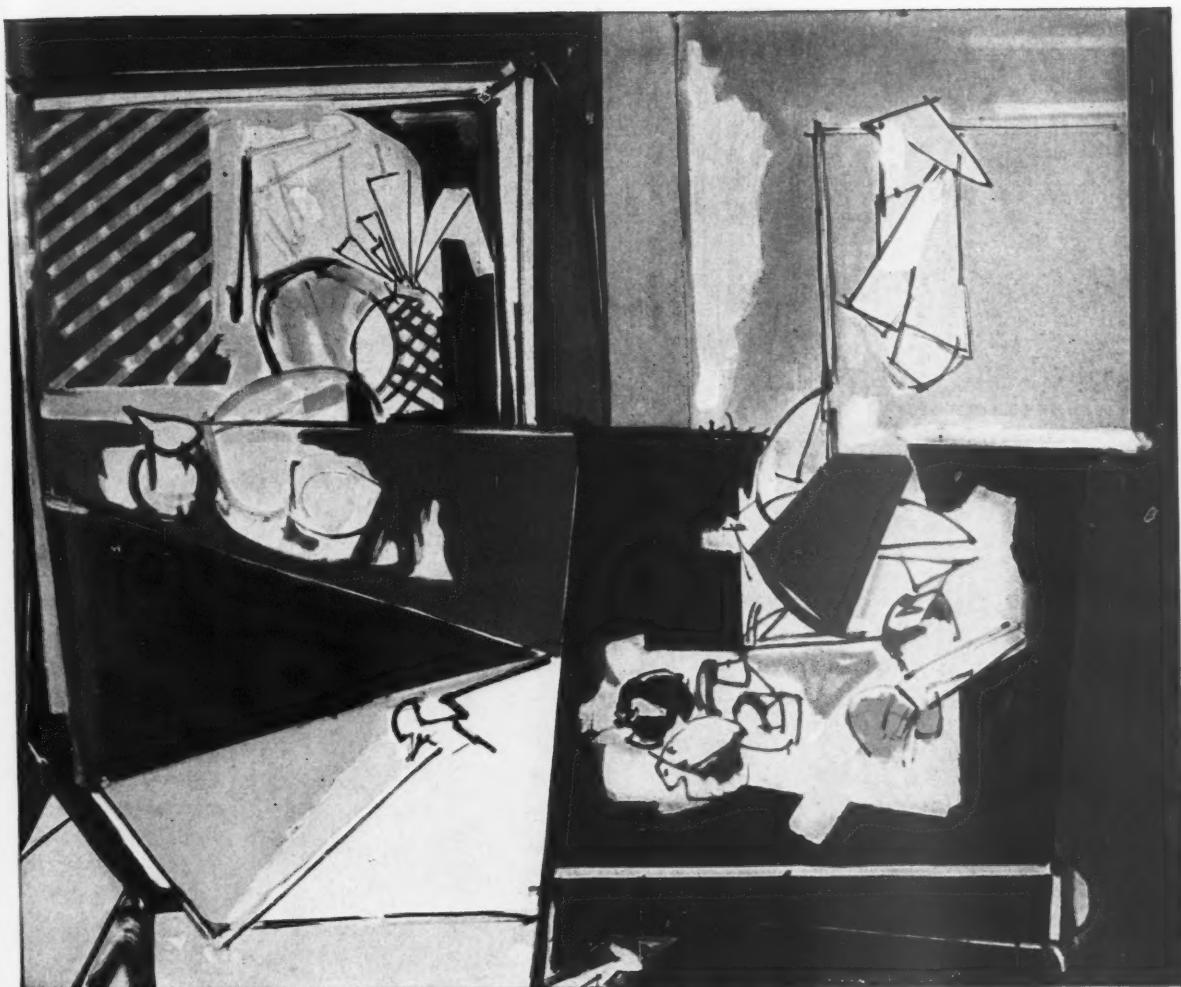
Self-Portrait (1902); collection of the artist.

Birth of Taurus (1945); collection Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Olsen.



Ecstasy (1947); lent by the Samuel M. Kootz Gallery.





Magenta and Blue (1950); collection Whitney Museum of American Art.

But then with a smile he will remind the world and you how much speaking he himself has had to do, since the generous early support of his first patron was cut off during World War I, and the first Hofmann School was founded in Munich, drawing many students from all over Europe during the post-war years; and again in America, where the second Hofmann School was founded in New York in 1932, attracting many of our most striking talents.

Hans Hofmann was born at Weissenburg in Bavaria in 1880. His family soon moved to Munich, and it was there, when he was just sixteen, that the young Hofmann decided that his life would be a life of creation, exploration and imagination in a world of art and artists, and that it would not be spent, like his father's, in the petty bureaucracy of German officialdom. This decision was to take him, with his wife, whom he met a few years later, to France in 1904, for ten years spent in the center of ferment of modern art. "Il appartenait au groupe Picasso, Braque et Derain et était un travailleur réservé," wrote Emile Szittya about the Hofmann of that period. During the war years he returned to Germany, where Kandinsky and Klee and then the Bauhaus were powers; and in the early thirties he came to America, first as a summer lecturer and teacher at the University of California, Berkeley, and finally to stay. And it is in America that his art finally reaches its most decisive expression. Starting in the late thirties with landscapes and interior still lifes, paintings in which an exterior vision is being creatively transformed, Hofmann's art

gains more and more freedom, until, with an almost manic burst in the forties, his focus is entirely shifted to an interior vision. Though he returns to still lifes and other objective points of inspiration, he is indeed no longer *under nature* but rather *above it*.

What does it mean to have an interior vision?—or to be *above nature*? This is a question which the present Hofmann retrospective at the Whitney Museum should answer. For the exhibition contains much of his major work of the past fifteen years—a number of paintings from the thirties which, fine in themselves, also show us what he was working toward, and crayon drawings and watercolors. Nor must one forget to mention the delightful and very early *Self-Portrait* (1902), Post-Impressionist in technique and one of a very few Hofmanns from his first thirty years as a painter to survive the historical debacle and destruction of two world wars.

But before we consider Hofmann's work itself, it would be well to look briefly at the influences which, expanding in Hofmann, led to the creation of that work.* This may cast light too on the fact, which has surprised so many, that Hofmann

*A detailed account of Hofmann's life and work is presented in *Hans Hofmann*, by Frederick S. Wight (University of California Press, Berkeley, \$5.00), published concurrently with the Whitney exhibition. The volume includes Hofmann's essay, "The Color Problem in Pure Painting."

HANS HOFMANN

did not begin to produce his best work until he was in America and already over fifty. In France, the academicism and mild Expressionism of Hofmann's student days was soon dissipated. Theories of Impressionism had already reached him in Germany; but he arrived in Paris just in time to participate in all the excitement which the shocking canvases of the Fauves with their brilliant bolts of color stirred up. And, as several critics have pointed out, the influence of the Fauves, and particularly of Matisse, was never long dormant in Hofmann. It is evident not only in the still lifes of the thirties but also in the brilliant blaze of light, the expressive color of his later work. At twenty-five, however, Hofmann was still "*un travailleur réservé*." Later he was to go back to Cézanne more directly, experimenting somewhat cautiously with the problem of structuring a landscape in space primarily through color; and many years were to pass before a boldness comparable to that in the early canvases of the Fauves would appear in Hofmann's own work. Cubism too is not without its influence. In the end, there is no method of creating volume within a two-dimensional framework that Hofmann neglects.

But in emphasizing the influence of the French—which Hofmann himself so readily admits—one should not forget Germany. For it was in Germany in 1912 that Kandinsky published *On the Spiritual in Art*, and in Germany that a philosophy of art as spiritual expression came to the fore. In the group around Kandinsky, writes Carola Giedion-Welcker, "an essentially spiritual attitude toward the physical world was to

kindle a flame of free imagination . . . color and form were to be vehicles of unhampered psychic expression." For Kandinsky was not merely obtaining a divorce from old objects and images so that he could transform our vision of them by esthetic means; he was intent on breaking down those means into elements of pure color, pure line, etc., until they could be used as freely as a composer uses the tones of a musical scale. But where Kandinsky and Klee, in their teaching, both emphasized the sequence of events on the picture plane, thus adding time as a part of a linear sequence of cause and effect—one form dropping on another, say, or a seesaw tilting up—what Hofmann has emphasized is the simultaneity of all the elements in their impact on the viewer.

There is too much analysis; what we need is synthesis, Hofmann insists—once again reminding us of the Fauves—and synthesis "makes stronger form accentuation." Linear development is to Hofmann primarily design; what he wants is an organic development that makes a painting a resonant color field with a strong structural unity. And it is in America that he finally accomplished this, an America free from the weight of established visual traditions, an America where so little of our culture has been put into art that a whole school is like one voice crying in the wilderness. Not refinement but expressive power was what America needed, and Hofmann, giving his students the means, also discovered his own ends in an America where, as he says, he was able "to unfold all the possibilities of his mind."

Orchestral Dominance in Yellow (1954); collection Mr. and Mrs. David M. Solinger.





The Prey (1956); collection of the artist.

HOFMANN's work, in bulk, is a dazzling sight. There is so much brilliant color, such assertive paint texture: hills, valleys, splatters, slurps, tumbles of color blocks, colors rising in swirls like an Arabian genie solidifying out of a bottle of smoke. Surrounded by such paintings, one feels immediately that this is a world not of unreality but of magical reality. Here color is life; here all that is ugly, horrifying, shocking, petty, dangerous, destructive, the human marathon of anxiety, fear and death, has no color energy and cannot survive. Experiencing Hofmann's color, his fantasy, his imaginary animals, his imaginary interiors sparkling with color suns, with flashes of sky yellow, orange, pink, red, this writer was reminded of Hugh Loftus and the magical sights and scenes experienced by Dr. Doolittle.

In the enchanted world of Hugh Loftus, when Dr. Doolittle and his animals escaped from the feed bills and gray drizzle of a dreary London suburb to the adventurous interior of the African jungle, they came across a new animal for which they coined a name: the "Push-me-Pull-you." With two heads and two sets of front legs but no hindquarters or tail, this beast could never go forward without going backward, or backward without going forward. And one might say that he had only one asymmetrical point, the point where, if you cut him exactly in two, his two halves would fall apart.

This is not so strange an introduction to Hans Hofmann's created world as it might seem. If you can imagine one half of Dr. Doolittle's Push-me-Pull-you as an empty volume outlined on a picture plane, then in Hofmann's magical world the other half will necessarily be a mass: plastically, the empty volume seems to push in, the mass out, while the point at which the Push-me-Pull-you could be cut into two equal halves can be called the fulcrum, the pivot, the stabilization point, or the visual center and focus of the painting. And what Hofmann has formulated theoretically as the plastic unity of *push and pull* on the picture plane is without doubt not only his most significant contribution to the development of abstraction into Abstract Expressionism in America, but also a major factor in the development of his own work. For once plastic unity as a balance of opposing forces has supplanted in his work the objective unity of a landscape or an interior still life,

then Hofmann is no longer *under nature* but *above it*. And being above it, he is free to integrate in new relationships innumerable elements from those long years of diverse experience as a painter.

Hofmann's break into a world of creative painting, into a world, as he puts it, dominated "by the demands of the medium of expression," occurred in the late thirties and early forties. Roughly for a decade, 1939-49, Hofmann experimented with various ways of attaining plastic depth and unity, harking back at first to Post-Impressionist and Post-Cubist techniques. Thus in paintings which might be called imaginary landscape experiences, such as *Le Jardin*, *To Ascop*, *Fairy Tale*, *Effervescence*, he uses an over-all body of paint, like a body of water. And with a profusion of colors applied for the most part in separate units, the surface seems to rise and fall, mass or slacken, not only by means of its textures but also through its color densities. To be literary: *Le Jardin* is a French garden of flowers; *To Ascop*, the English countryside; *Fairy Tale*, a landscape of fancy; *Effervescence*, a lightly clouded *Sturm und Drang*. Color is primarily mass in these paintings, gravitating toward one or another color center.

By contrast, in abstractions such as *Awakening*, *Untitled* 1947 or *Submerged*, color is primarily space-volume. Beautifully clear colors are applied in distinct areas, each color tending to sound one note in a total chord of repeated, contrasting, opposing or complementary colors. And though here too the surface begins as a unity, this time it is as a body of space rather than as a body of malleable matter. For in these paintings, the surface is divided more or less strictly and geometrically into three or four or six areas by a process of divisive equivalence that immediately emphasizes the unity of the whole.

In the same period, Hofmann also produced paintings in which the space is defined by intrusion, like a stage which is empty until the play begins. In *Birth of Taurus*, the space is dominated by one flat shape; in the more recent *The Prey*, by two—one the bird shape on a central stalk that runs, a stream of black, from his body to the top of the canvas, the second like a wheel throwing off sparks of colored paint. And in works such as *Idolatress*, *Ecstasy* and *Embrace*, the space is dominated by forms, not flat, but almost sculptural in their impact. In *Embrace*, for example, two forms, heavily contoured and varied in planes and curves, are drawn toward a central focus in such a way that the weight of their separation seems to be exactly balanced by the power of their attraction.

Hofmann's work, fine in the forties, becomes magnificent in the fifties. As his mastery of "the demands of the medium of expression" increases, he gives a much freer rein to his visual powers. As he combines several or all of the various methods he developed for the achievement of plastic depth and visual unity, his paintings, no longer aspects of an imaginary world, seem to be each a whole world in itself. At the same time his surfaces become infinitely varied.

Geometrical divisions of a single space culminate, toward 1950, in such brilliant paintings as the Neuberger Collection's *Fruit Bowl*, or the Whitney's *Magenta and Blue*, or the flat color volumes in such a magical projection of formal unity as *Unicorn* (1948-52)—a flat red beast in a flat green world miraculously balanced by a volume of white. Organically related forms reappear in a field of breathing color in a work such as *Elster* (a German bluebird), or in *Scotch and Burgundy*, where irregular rectangles and parts of circles are fused on a paint surface that is sculptural, it is so heavily rich in color. And for sheer brilliance, for a proliferation of colors and textures and spaces in a vibrant and dramatic unity, no painting is a better example of what Hofmann can now accomplish than the Solinger Collection's *Orchestral Dominance in Yellow*.

As for the artist, the world of his art seems now to have taken over. There is no longer any question of control. All is matter for creation. Each painting, once begun, seems to command its own development. The artist, faithful in the pursuit of his own vision, himself believes that he has only to experience the first concreteness of the work and he will inevitably fulfill its potentialities.

KNOEDLER

ESTABLISHED 1846

EXHIBITION

SCULPTURE and WATERCOLORS by **CONTEMPORARY** **ARTISTS**

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ARTS

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

*The nude in art . . . a study of Englishness . . . Ravenna mosaics
. . . museums in portfolio . . . a monograph on Ghiberti . . .
Abraham Rattner . . . modern Japanese prints . . .*

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Art by Kenneth Clark. Bollingen Series XXXV. Pantheon. \$7.50.

IT is a pleasure to enumerate the virtues of Sir Kenneth Clark's most recent book: a delightful theme, a wealth of penetrating analysis and insight, one of the handsomest prose styles in contemporary art-historical writing, 298 excellent illustrations in halftone, almost faultless (details of reproductions are not always labeled as such) production, and reasonable price.

In *The Nude*, as in his *Landscape Painting* of 1949, Sir Kenneth writes art history as the history of one of its great iconographical divisions, and he needs only to do a volume on still life to complete the triad of person, place and thing. If it is the first of these that has provided art with its most challenging, engrossing and enduring theme, the nude, of all the possibilities of the human, provides the most spectacular opportunity. The Greek nude, as Sir Kenneth points out, was at once a manifestation of religious feeling, ideal inspiration and sensuality. In modern times it is the academic proving ground par excellence: you can fool some of the people all of the time, etc., but everybody knows the human figure.

Sir Kenneth pursues several esthetic themes which present insuperable problems but which never dim his perception of individual works of art. One of these is stated in the subtitle of the volume, and the author is forced to swerve from it repeatedly. Another is that the nude is not a subject of art but an art form "invented by the Greeks in the fifth century just as opera is an art form invented in seventeenth-century Italy." While this terminology may illuminate an important moment in the history of the nude, it is one that not even its author maintains strictly. "Before the *Crucifixion* of Michelangelo," he writes, "we realize that the nude is the most serious subject in art." The ambiguity which resides in the term "nude," as in this quotation, arises often in Sir Kenneth's discussion; and one sometimes wonders whether he is describing a work of art or a real personage: "the Marathon boy is simply a young body like a ripe fruit." But in succumbing to this ambiguity Sir Kenneth is not alone; it is more than one artist who finds it difficult to distinguish between the attraction, say, of a woman and that of a painting of a woman.

The eroticism that both the real and the represented nude arouse presents Sir Kenneth with the third of his problems and one that he handles in unequivocal manner. Early in this volume he quotes Prof. S. Alexander to the effect that if the nude is treated so as to arouse feelings "appropriate to the material subject, it is false art, and bad morals." Sir Kenneth, on the other hand, declares that the nude that contains no vestige of the erotic is "bad art, and false

morals." Again, late in the volume, of a *Maenad* after Scopas, he writes, "she is still part of that antique religion of sensuality from which, in the end, the nude derives its authority and momentum." While this is not the only attitude one may have toward the nude in art, it is refreshing in a scholar, and releases Sir Kenneth for a succession of "readings" of the nude that are eloquent and perceptive in a warmly humanistic tradition.

These often dazzling interpretations complement an equally dazzling historical analysis. Sir Kenneth follows the changes in the use and treatment of the nude in art and is able even to trace the origins, mutations and combinations of many of the very poses in which the nude is represented. He finds two important treatments of the female nude: the Greek, in which the strongly accented hip caused by the shifting of the weight to one leg establishes the architectural character of the nude; and the Gothic, which he calls "the alternative convention." Let him describe it in his own words.

"This is what distinguishes the Gothic ideal of the female body: that whereas in the antique nude the dominating rhythm is the curve of the hip, in the alternative convention it is the curve of the stomach. This change argues a fundamental difference of attitude to the body. The curve of the hip is created by an upward thrust. Beneath it are bone and muscle, supporting the body's weight. However sensuous or geometric it may become, it remains in the end an image of energy and control. The curve of the stomach is created by gravity and relaxation. It is a heavy, unstructural curve, soft and slow, yet with a kind of vegetable persistence. It does not take its shape from the will but from the unconscious biological process which gives shape to all hidden organisms."

In view of the riches of this volume, it may appear as an ungratefulness to mention certain omissions. One would have welcomed a discussion of that most sensuous—and most numerous—of all nudes, the Hindu; inexplicably, there are only the scantiest references to India in this volume and only two reproductions of Indian examples. It is surprising, too, to find, in a final chapter entitled "The Nude as an End in Itself" in which Moore, Picasso, Brancusi, Matisse and Rouault are discussed, that there is no mention at all of Maillol, Lehmbruck, Modigliani, Pascin and Lachaise, for whom the nude was not merely a subject but the *modus operandi* of their art.

What of the future of the nude? The Paris correspondent of this journal likes to insist that "the human figure is through." The self-abnegation and doctrinaire modernity of this statement are shared neither by Sir Kenneth Clark nor by the present writer. The latter takes the

fighting position that the human figure will be through only when man, that is to say Man, is through. As for Sir Kenneth, he writes, "Such an unsatisfiable appetite for the nude [as in the sixteenth century] is unlikely to recur . . . Nor are we likely once more to cut ourselves off from the body, as in the ascetic experiment of medieval Christianity. We may no longer worship it, but we have come to terms with it." Sir Kenneth writes, of course, as a European, but have we come to terms with it? The nudes, or all-but-nudes, of De Kooning of four years ago make it appear that we have not and that we are not likely to for some time. This augurs an interesting if discontinuous future for the nude on this side of the Atlantic. Always a suppressed theme here, it can erupt at the most unforeseen moments. And this eruption will produce lonely and unusual nudes. Our Paris correspondent is probably right: as a result of the combined forces of the national morality and of recent artistic evolution, the human figure, as a viable subject, is through here, where, except for Lachaise, it never had a chance. SIDNEY GEIST

The Englishness of English Art by Nikolaus Pevsner. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. \$4.50.

THE title of Mr. Pevsner's book suggests humor. Its most amusing feature is the author's presumption that by generalizing on art in terms of its national character he is doing something daring and perhaps not altogether respectable. Herein lies the Englishness of Nikolaus Pevsner—who is not in fact an Englishman. Well aware that "the geography of art" has had extensive treatment on the Continent for over two centuries (he himself names the Abbé Dubos as its modern starting point), he is nonetheless constrained, by academic courtesy or a species of inelasticity acquired from the country of his adoption, from accepting the more penetrating approaches of such writers as Taine or Santayana or Eli Faure. Pevsner starts all over again as if the only theoreticians on the subject he had to modify were William Morris and Roger Fry. Consequently his book, although thoroughly grounded in the particularities of British decorative and functional art, suggestive wherever it engages a sequence of contrasts, is unnecessarily diffident in its principal definitions. Pevsner's procedure is to accept certain English character traits as established—restraint, empirical observation, detachment, ethical preoccupation—and illustrate their expressed correlatives in the mutations of the British arts of design—architecture and painting especially. The demonstration, as far as he takes it, is masterly. But caution or a failure of perception stays his hand. Beyond a

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

concession to the traditional inference of climate as the prime shaper of customs, he doesn't cut through to the bone of the question, namely: the notorious sensual deficiency of the English.

However, since Pevsner's preoccupations are mainly with architecture and painting (landscape gardening and sculpture are considered incidentally), he is forced to acknowledge the manifest conservatism and the generally inferior plastic sense of the British, when weighed in the universal scale. This he deals with in the most gallant way possible: pointing out the solid virtues and analyzing, with easy erudition, the intranational connections of art and social standards. At the outset he takes care of those bothersome dualities that challenge all promoters of the General Statement:

Polarities evident in two consecutive periods are: the Decorated and the Perpendicular Style, Vanbrugh and Lord Burlington, Hogarth and Reynolds. What this book sets out to do is to analyse for each of these individually what is English in them, and then see how far the results really contradict each other. For instance . . . Decorated is the flowing line, Perpendicular is the straight line, but both are line and not body. Constable's aim is truth to nature, Turner's world is a fantasmagoria, but both are concerned with an atmospheric view of the world, not with the firm physical objects in it. . . . It is true that in this Constable and Turner also represent a European and not merely an English development, but their specifically unsculptural, unplastic, cloudy or steamy treatment is, as will be shown, English all the same.

And Pevsner keeps his promise, so far as the surface reading goes, discoursing with instructive results, cogently supported by photographs of his comparative material, on the narrative as against the esthetic bias of English art, displayed early in medieval tapestries and psalters; on the utilitarian spirit which was alike at the heart of theory advanced by Hogarth or Reynolds or Constable; on the detachment with which architects and painters so often "chose" one style or another from the European and classical pool; on the enduring opposition of the English as a whole (exceptions noted) to titanic or abstract expressions—together with their irrational predilection for the eccentric ("the relation of picturesque gardening to liberty") and a conviction, juridical in origin, that each case should be treated on its own merit, which Pevsner sees reflected in the differentiated principles of town-and-city planning theory.

Pevsner's anxiety to reveal harmony between seeming contrarieties in style and in the temperaments or attitudes of individual practitioners leads him into persuasive and unduly knotted attempts at proving that the dissimilar really isn't, or that an antithesis is but a paradox.

. . . formally the winding path and the serpentine lake are the equivalent of Hogarth's Line of Beauty, that long, gentle double curve which dominates one kind of English art from the Decorated style in architecture to William Blake and beyond. On the other hand, where Hogarth himself uses these motifs of the garden to illustrate his point, he says that they "lead the eye a wanton kind of chase." That is clearly something different. . . .

"Let not each beauty everywhere be spied

When half the skill is decently to hide.

He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,

Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."

These lines are from Alexander Pope, and though Pope was a teacher of reason, and though it was Lord Burlington who established in 18th-century

England the clarity and the cubic simplicity of Palladian architecture, Burlington possessed at Chiswick and Pope at Twickenham two of the first picturesque gardens of England.

This sort of *and-yet* exposition inevitably leads to qualifying excursions into the spirit of the century under discussion, mutations of urban growth, Celtic elements in British genius and so forth—all of which fascinates, while remaining at the level of conventional determinism.

I wonder if the compulsion for resolving disparities by denying them, or at least by resisting them, is not an Anglo-Saxon obsession—herited by Americans through Puritanism—derived from an abiding fear of the psychological (which might, after all, lead to irony!), a stubborn limitation of the cultural temper with which Pevsner is not prepared to contend. Taine spoke of a "predominant motif" in a culture—as in an individual—which, governing its art expression, is the special source of its glory as well as of its doom. The distinctive national asset of the English is social reciprocity—purchased at the expense of imagination, an attribute developed, more often than not, by transcendence of the social. Paucity of imagination has been fatal to British art and a mainstay of British civil conduct, and of its good taste in prose and furniture. (The Elizabethan drama must be accepted as well as excepted; if it is thought to constitute an insuperable barrier to the preceding generality, "Nothing," as an astute Irish poet said, "is perfect. There are lumps in it.") The quintessential symbol of both the vanity and the fitness of British empiricism under trial is Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*, wherein Captain MacWhirr is "too stupid" to estimate the forces against which he is striving, and thereby brings the ship through. Now the predominant motif of any social group is rational, if only in the sense that it operates by a set of tacit conventions. But the ordered surface can be maintained only by sublimation; somewhere, sooner or later, the suppressed elements in experience, therefore in art, will reveal themselves, or erupt. (Think I may be following a half-remembered hint from a Jungian proposition here.) As a single example, the obverse of Japanese impassivity is self-disemboweling or, externalized, rape. In Japanese art, the tension is apparent in the ferocious arabesque and in the prevalence of the revenge theme in Kabuki drama.

The application to Pevsner's theme is surely permissible. There is not so much contradiction as payment deferred in the dual phenomenon of British sanity and the dark corners (the coal-age hell and the Kenya colony); the common sense and the Gothic reaction (as in the cult of the mystery story as well as in cathedral transepts or lyric poetry); the usual primacy of the Doctor Johnsons or the Reynoldses and the less frequent appearance of a Hogarth, a Turner or a D. H. Lawrence. Custom tenaciously asserted and the terrestrial politely ordered need to be reminded that the social commitment is also a den of beasts, that it is possible to sense in the atmosphere something more (or other) than delicately observed tints and texture of rain clouds and inscribed trees, and that social relationships acquire their most vital sources from carnality.

Pevsner, himself, offers the really telling anecdote of the British gambit, crucial and endearing. When Blake complimented Constable by

exclaiming, "Why, this is not drawing but inspiration!" Constable answered—drily, we may imagine—"I meant it for drawing" . . . And with whom do we laugh?

VERNON YOUNG

Ravenna Mosaics. Text by Giuseppe Bovini. New York Graphic Society. \$20.00.

SINCE Ravenna, along with Rome and Salona, is one of the principal centers in which important mosaics from the early Christian centuries still survive, it is not surprising that it should provide by itself the subject for this very handsome anthology. Devoted to mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries, the book contains forty-six large and beautiful color reproductions, a glance at the wealth which that city on the Adriatic began to acquire when it became the western capital of the Roman Empire under Honorius. It seems unfortunate that some of the buildings were not more fully represented—the Baptistry of the Arians and the Basilica of San Apollinare in Classe receive only three plates apiece—but in what must have been a very expensive volume to produce, one would not have wanted the amount of space given to the Church of San Vitale curtailed. It provides some of the most beautiful pages in the book, its famed panels of the Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora and its strikingly Fauve detail of Mount Sinai among them. There are, as well, some fine pages on the Basilica of San Apollinare Nuovo, which possesses one of the earliest and most complete series of scenes from the New Testament. The book itself, designed by Eugene M. Ettinger and excellently printed by Amilcare Pizzi of Milan, is a fine specimen of art-book publishing and a distinct pleasure to look through.

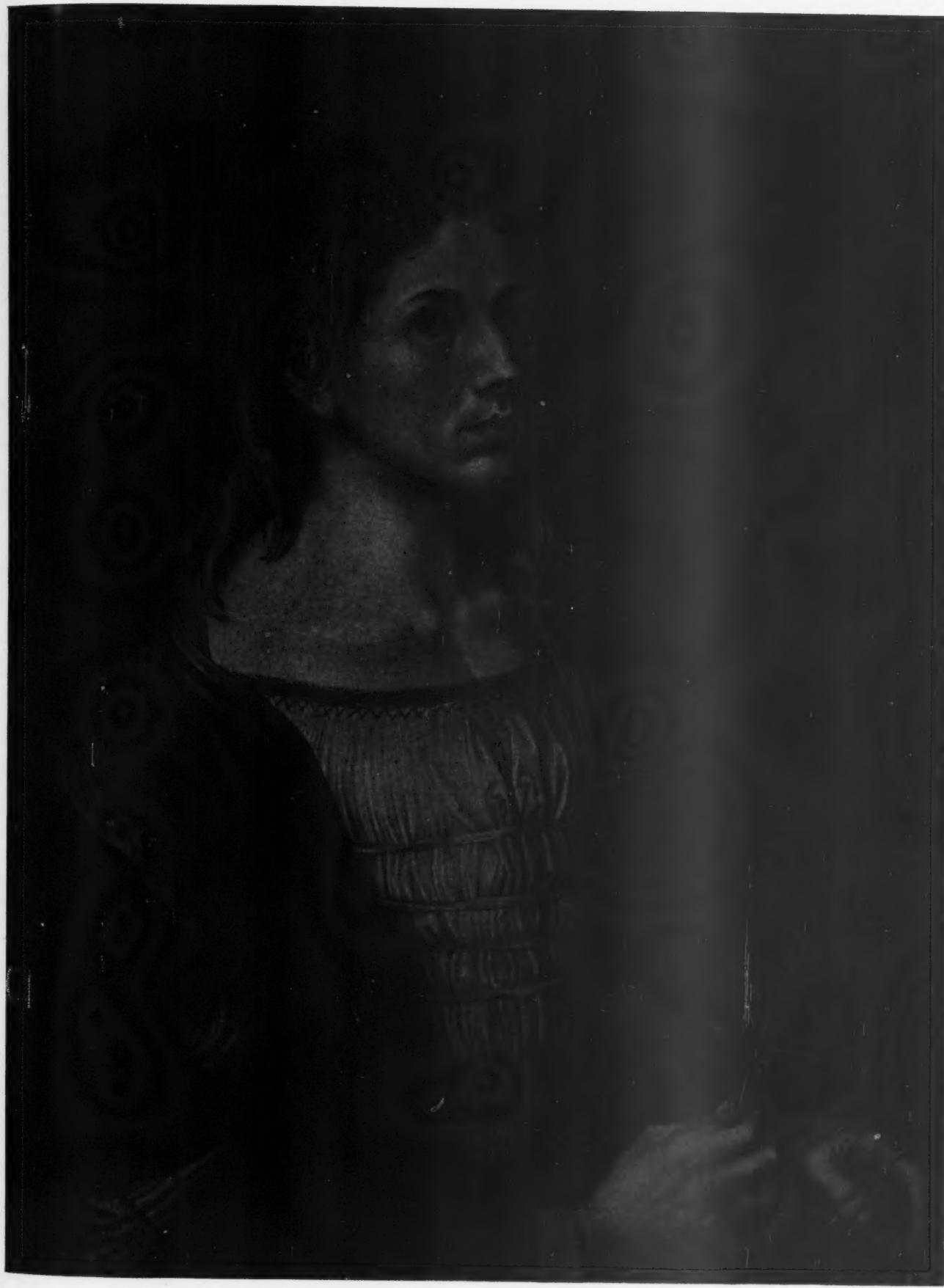
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JAMES R. MELLOW

National Gallery of Art, Washington, by John Walker. **Metropolitan Museum** by Theodore Rousseau, Jr. **National Gallery, London,** by Sir Philip Hendy. **The Louvre** by Milton S. Fox. **Uffizi** by Filippo Rossi. **The Prado** by Harry B. Wehle. Harry N. Abrams. Each volume \$7.95.

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continued on page 38



Albrecht Dürer, SELF-PORTRAIT; from The Louvre, Harry N. Abrams.

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

concession to the traditional inference of climate as the prime shaper of customs, he doesn't cut through to the bone of the question, namely: the notorious sensual deficiency of the English.

However, since Pevsner's preoccupations are mainly with architecture and painting (landscape gardening and sculpture are considered incidentally), he is forced to acknowledge the manifest conservatism and the generally inferior plastic sense of the British, when weighed in the universal scale. This he deals with in the most gallant way possible: pointing out the solid virtues and analyzing, with easy erudition, the intranational connections of art and social standards. At the outset he takes care of those bothersome dualities that challenge all promoters of the General Statement:

Polarities evident in two consecutive periods are: the Decorated and the Perpendicular Style, Vanbrugh and Lord Burlington, Hogarth and Reynolds. What this book sets out to do is to analyse for each of these individually what is English in them, and then see how far the results really contradict each other. For instance . . . Decorated is the flowing line, Perpendicular is the straight line, but both are line and not body. Constable's aim is truth to nature. Turner's world is a fantasmagoria, but both are concerned with an atmospheric view of the world, not with the firm physical objects in it. . . . It is true that in this Constable and Turner also represent a European and not merely an English development, but their specifically unsculptural, unplastic, cloudy or steamy treatment is, as will be shown, English all the same.

And Pevsner keeps his promise, so far as the surface reading goes, discoursing with instructive results, cogently supported by photographs of his comparative material, on the narrative as against the esthetic bias of English art, displayed early in medieval tapestries and psalters; on the utilitarian spirit which was alike at the heart of theory advanced by Hogarth or Reynolds or Constable; on the detachment with which architects and painters so often "chose" one style or another from the European and classical pool; on the enduring opposition of the English as a whole (exceptions noted) to titanic or abstract expressions—together with their irrational predilection for the eccentric ("the relation of picturesque gardening to liberty") and a conviction, juridical in origin, that each case should be treated on its own merit, which Pevsner sees reflected in the differentiated principles of town-and-city planning theory.

Pevsner's anxiety to reveal harmony between seeming contrarieties in style and in the temperaments or attitudes of individual practitioners leads him into persuasive and unduly knotted attempts at proving that the dissimilar really isn't, or that an antithesis is but a paradox.

. . . formally the winding path and the serpentine lake are the equivalent of Hogarth's Line of Beauty, that long, gentle double curve which dominates one kind of English art from the Decorated style in architecture to William Blake and beyond. On the other hand, where Hogarth himself uses these motifs of the garden to illustrate his point, he says that they "lead the eye a wanton kind of chase." That is clearly something different. . . .

"Let not each beauty everywhere be spied
When half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."

These lines are from Alexander Pope, and though Pope was a teacher of reason, and though it was Lord Burlington who established in 18th-century

England the clarity and the cubic simplicity of Palladian architecture, Burlington possessed at Chiswick and Pope at Twickenham two of the first picturesque gardens of England.

This sort of *and-yet* exposition inevitably leads to qualifying excursions into the spirit of the century under discussion, mutations of urban growth, Celtic elements in British genius and so forth—all of which fascinates, while remaining at the level of conventional determinism.

I wonder if the compulsion for resolving disparities by denying them, or at least by resisting them, is not an Anglo-Saxon obsession—herited by Americans through Puritanism—derived from an abiding fear of the psychological (which might, after all, lead to irony!), a stubborn limitation of the cultural temper with which Pevsner is not prepared to contend. Taine spoke of a "predominant motif" in a culture—as in an individual—which, governing its art expression, is the special source of its glory as well as of its doom. The distinctive national asset of the English is social reciprocity—purchased at the expense of imagination, an attribute developed, more often than not, by transcendence of the social. Paucity of imagination has been fatal to British art and a mainstay of British civil conduct, and of its good taste in prose and furniture. (The Elizabethan drama must be accepted as well as excepted; if it is thought to constitute an insuperable barrier to the preceding generality, "Nothing," as an astute Irish poet said, "is perfect. There are lumps in it.") The quintessential symbol of both the vanity and the fitness of British empiricism under trial is Joseph Conrad's *Typhoon*, wherein Captain MacWhirr is "too stupid" to estimate the forces against which he is striving, and thereby brings the ship through. Now the predominant motif of any social group is rational, if only in the sense that it operates by a set of tacit conventions. But the ordered surface can be maintained only by sublimation; somewhere, sooner or later, the suppressed elements in experience, therefore in art, will reveal themselves, or erupt. (Think I may be following a half-remembered hint from a Jungian proposition here.) As a single example, the obverse of Japanese impassivity is self-disembowelment or, externalized, rape. In Japanese art, the tension is apparent in the ferocious arabesque and in the prevalence of the revenge theme in Kabuki drama.

The application to Pevsner's theme is surely permissible. There is not so much contradiction as payment deferred in the dual phenomenon of British sanity and the dark corners (the coal-age hell and the Kenya colony); the common sense and the Gothic reaction (as in the cult of the mystery story as well as in cathedral transepts or lyric poetry); the usual primacy of the Doctor Johnsons or the Reynolds and the less frequent appearance of a Hogarth, a Turner or a D. H. Lawrence. Custom tenaciously asserted and the terrestrial politely ordered need to be reminded that the social commitment is also a den of beasts, that it is possible to sense in the atmosphere something more (or other) than delicately observed tints and texture of rain clouds and inscribed trees, and that social relationships acquire their most vital sources from carnality.

Pevsner, himself, offers the really telling anecdote of the British gambit, crucial and endearing. When Blake complimented Constable by

exclaiming, "Why, this is not drawing but inspiration!" Constable answered—drily, we may imagine—"I meant it for drawing" . . . And with whom do we laugh?

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Albrecht Dürer. SELF-PORTRAIT: from The Louvre, Harry N. Abrams.

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION



continued from page 36

carry the bulky volume to the Uffizi, the Brera, the churches and cathedrals, and read the learned comments while facing the individual painting. In the Abrams series, however, everything possible is done to save the purchaser a trip, even to such easily accessible places as Washington's National Gallery or New York's Metropolitan Museum. In each book he can view twenty-four (in the Prado book, twenty-five) paintings in very good color reproduction tipped in, plus about sixty more in occasionally blurred small black-and-white illustrations embedded like raisins in the text.

There are several novel and useful features in these portfolios. The buildings themselves are shown, and whoever attaches associations of the ancient and mystical to the name "Prado" will be astonished to see a sober neo-Greek structure of the early nineteenth century. The problem of reproducing very long horizontal pictures (e.g., Rubens' *Judgment of Paris* or Tintoretto's *Battle between Turks and Christians*) or of a triptych (e.g., Bosch's *Garden of Delights*) is solved by folding in the page instead of reducing the reproduction to the format. Details of some major pictures are reproduced in color and/or black-and-white. The layout is pleasing: a picture that does not fill a page is not, with slavish rigidity, confined to the center of the page.

Still the volumes can only whet our appetite; they are no substitute for the music the Burckhardts and their successors have heard on beholding a masterpiece in its proper atmosphere. Only selections can be given. In the Prado volume, for instance, we see only eight of the 111 Goyas, only five of the thirty-two El Grecos owned by the museum. Everyone is likely to miss a favorite, yet he will be compensated by the discovery of paintings that he may have overlooked, or paid too little attention to, so far.

The volumes are most lavishly illustrated for the actual number of pages (totaling sixty). The texts—four by curators or directors of the institutions—are, inevitably, quite short. The introductory essay covers the history of the gallery, more interesting where the building's story is romantic and long (*vide* the Louvre, which may go back to a fifth-century Frankish tower), less fascinating where the institution is of nineteenth-century origin, or, in the case of Washington's National Gallery, was opened only a few years ago. To fill the allotted space, Curator (now Director) Walker tells the little-known tale of the capital's earlier brave attempts to acquire art. The first director of the Gallery's predecessor, the National Institute, also served as Secretary of War. To spread taste, he urged—futilely in vain—that copies of pictures, statues and medals commissioned by Congress be distributed all over America! In our time, three of the six galleries were threatened with complete destruction: the Prado was bombed during the Spanish Civil War, the Uffizi and London's National Gallery were hit during the Second World War. Yet all three were able to reopen, and even to "profit" from the catastrophe. As Sir Philip Hendy writes about his museum in the heart of London: "War damage . . . has brought opportunities for reconstruction, and six

Rogier van der Weyden, VIRGIN AND CHILD
from The Prado, Harry N. Abrams.

of the galleries worst affected have been completely remodeled and air-conditioned."

The comments on the pictures here contain all that's fit to know, including (sign of our time!) in the instance of the *Alba Madonna* information on all the prices paid for this Raphael between 1820 and 1939. The choice of pictures might be admired were it not for the monotony with which certain masterpieces turn up again and again, to be seen in every history of art, and familiar to everyone. One need not loathe the *Mona Lisa* as Duchamp or Picabia did to prefer meeting on a cover some less widely exploited and abused masterwork. To represent the American genius in the color plates, instead of the merely amiable Bingham a more powerful and significant artist might have been selected, such as Ryder, whose work both the Metropolitan Museum and Washington's National Gallery have in adequate sampling.

Significant for our re-evaluation of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art is the inclusion of Corot's *Belfry at Douai*: the seventy-year-old artist had returned from the—once widely admired—vaporous woodland scenes to the formal clarity of his start, but now melting his color with Impressionist abandon. Hogarth's delightfully fresh and painterly *Shrimp Girl* is shown in place of his moralizing satires, and three of Daumier's long unsalable paintings are on view.

The device of pasting instead of sewing the pages together hardly insures the durability of books. The pages come apart with a minimum of handling. It is to be hoped, though, that in new printings this nuisance will be overcome. A few petty details might also be corrected: Mantegna was neither a "Venetian" nor a "Paduan," but is generally listed as a North Italian painter; El Greco's Christian name was either Domenikos or Dominico, but never Domenicos; it should be Dürer, not Durer. Since all titles are given in English, Hals' *Gypsy Girl* need not be called *La Bohémienne*. Yet on the whole, our verdict is affirmative: these volumes are both instructive and full of qualities that Berenson would call "life-enhancing."

ALFRED WERNER

Lorenzo Ghiberti by Richard Krautheimer in collaboration with Trude Krautheimer-Hess. Princeton University Press. \$30.00.

STRANGE as it may seem, this is the first comprehensive study in English of Ghiberti's life and work; for while the artist's *oeuvre* is fully illustrated in a Phaidon volume edited by Ludwig Goldscheider, we have been lacking a Julius von Schlosser, whose edition of the *Commentarii* still forms the basis of all serious Ghiberti scholarship.

Best known as an architectural historian, and particularly as the compiler of a monumental *Corpus* of early Christian basilicas in Rome, Richard Krautheimer has devoted more than two decades to the study of the Florentine jack-of-all-trades, whose activities extend well beyond the field of sculpture into those of painting, designing and architecture, and who, like Benvenuto Cellini a goldsmith by profession, gave a detailed account of his own achievements in what may well be called the first modern autobiography written by an artist.

The dearth of twentieth-century literature on Ghiberti can partly be explained by the fact that the artist's work is so well authenticated that it leaves little room for critical speculation. But there is also a much deeper reason for our indifference toward a man who, after all, was one of the central figures in the cultural life of Florence during the first half of the Quattrocento. The importance of his role, by the way, is clearly reflected in the long, and partly legendary, list of his collaborators and workshop apprentices. In our own day, that is to say, Ghiberti is often considered as being too reactionary an artist to deserve the same attention accorded to the innovators of his generation. In the estimation of many of our modern scholars, Ghiberti's relation to Donatello or Brunelleschi appears to resemble that of Masolino and Masaccio.

While not outrightly rejecting this peculiarly lopsided point of view of a generation whose taste is no longer that of the Romanticists and the Pre-Raphaelites, Krautheimer justly deplores the inadequacy of an approach that is hardly justified by the art-historical facts as we have them before us. Fully aware of the predominantly Gothic ancestry of Ghiberti's style, he nevertheless sees to it that none of the progressive features of that style, however irregularly and inconsistently employed, remain unnoticed. It is precisely this coexistence of two essentially incompatible elements in Ghiberti's art which he undertakes to define in his critical study.

In an excellent chapter on Ghiberti and the Trecento, Krautheimer traces the origin of the sculptor's art to the Sienese manner of painting (as exhibited in the works of Ambrogio Lorenzetti rather than in those of the more suave Simone Martini) as well as to the Franco-Flemish book illustrations in the International Style. It is by referring to these two sources that our author explains the "melodious sweetness, the precise workmanship and the precious refinement" of Ghiberti's early style, as it appears on the North Door of the Baptistry. In the reliefs of the second door, on the other hand, antique models are more frequently encountered, and so are certain adaptations of linear perspective and other scientific modes of artistic construction. Yet even in these Gates of Paradise—as Michelangelo is said to have christened them—"figures always form the basis of design; settings . . . are relegated to the background; every object is drawn with utmost clarity; volumes recede in a succession of planes without interruption; space is infinite, terminated by a gilded backdrop." In other words: Ghiberti never aspired to be one of the new set.

As for the ancient models available to Ghiberti on the sarcophagi then to be seen in the churches of Rome, Florence and Pisa and in the small number of antique sculptures known to the early Renaissance and partly described in his *Commentarii*, they appear in the panels of the second door only to "illustrate the imaginativeness and almost dangerous virtuosity with which Ghiberti . . . played on antique themes. From one antique motive he would develop two, three or possibly more variants, each reminiscent of the original in one or two of its features, but never in all of them and never in the same way." Hence the difficulty of establishing the identity of any of these prototypes. None of the known antiques, for instance, can be identified as the exact model for the Isaac of

the competition relief; and yet it is perfectly obvious that such a model must have existed. It is similar with the beautifully poised figure of Samson, which Krautheimer shows to be related to a Hercules on the jambs of the *Porta della Mandorla*, and which Vasari, in his understandably cool *Vita* of Ghiberti, singles out for praise in the light of its derivation from just such Hercules prototypes. Thus the hand list of antiques which the author has appended to his monograph bears the stamp of a preliminary catalogue of such works as either appeared in the now lost *libri studiarum* of the artist or were owned (as Leo Planiscig, in another monograph on Ghiberti, suggests) by Ghiberti the collector.

In spite of the many repetitions which his method forces upon him, Professor Krautheimer's richly illustrated and exhaustively documented study will do much to dissolve the dichotomy of progressive and reactionary art which modern scholarship has been so especially fond of applying to the transitional period between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance proper. The author's main contribution, however, lies less in the thorough, not to say painstaking, evaluation of documentary and stylistic evidence than in the clarification of certain hitherto neglected aspects of Ghiberti's art: in the subtle analysis of the famous Gusmin passage from the autobiography, in the discussion of influences and in the elucidation of certain trends underlying the selection of Biblical material for the Gates of Paradise (notably the Solomon and Sheba panel). But, as Professor Krautheimer himself is the first to admit, much remains to be done before we can definitely tell how much of Ghiberti the man is contained in Ghiberti the artist; for unlike his rationalistic contemporaries, Ghiberti was either unable or unwilling to let his intellect interfere with his art.

ULRICH WEISSTEIN

Abraham Rattner. Introduction and Notes by Allen S. Weller. University of Illinois Press. \$25.00.

TO COUNTERACT what he calls "the dust, the accumulations of man's negative thinking, falling over all, the great cloud of thick obscurism like a dirty veil keeping out the light from man's eyes, mind, spirit," Abraham Rattner has created the symbol of the Window Cleaner. This is a transparent figure, worked out in many drawings to different degrees of explicitness, stretched against a glow of multicolored glass panes. This, Rattner has said, is God, clearing away the dust that obscures man's vision. Like the Seekers, also in Rattner's invented iconography, it is a conception that has original force. With their medieval overtones of color, the series of Window Cleaners and Seekers are most characteristic of Rattner's stylistic synthesis which is deeply motivated by a strong *mystique*.

Explosive and uneven, the nature of both the stylistic synthesis and the *mystique* is now more fully accessible through this portfolio, replete with intimate sketches. Made up of an introductory text by Allen S. Weller, which is largely a stitching together of Rattner's own fragmentary writings, and twenty-four reproductions of the artist's work in portfolio, this publication

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SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

is a chronological selection, 1930-56, that dispenses with biographical information and concentrates on the artist's work. It reveals a man who does not believe that "technical speculations," however provocative, are enough, but who is intensely concerned with the enduring power of the traditional figures of the Old Testament, and who has absorbed into his stream of visual consciousness the Christian images left along the French landscape, so that his Jewish heritage combines with a Gothic imagination. All of this experience, including years of residence in Paris, lies behind his response to the American landscape in the several travels recorded in drawings on these pages. What saves this knowledgeable stylistic variety of Rattner's from mannerism reveals itself as the ability to respond to a scene—to an idea—with unabashed enthusiasm and fervor.

The volume starts with a network of mesmerized ink lines, floating and rhythmic: *Skaters* (1930). At the very earliest, Rattner seems to have been concerned to unveil an inner intensity rather than any expected contours in his lines. Along the American highway, traveling with Henry Miller, he poured a charged graphic vitality (and considerable verbal force) into drawings on the scene. In this collection the differences in approach are extreme: *Early Morning in New York* is a very pale sketch with hazy ink lines; *Ducktown, Tennessee*, is intricately worked, with dark hills; and a third is no drawing at all but entirely calligraphy—actually an original poem spread over a map of the eastern part of the United States written in red and black: "When we met again and were once more together"—a closely packed script of cadenced, free-flowing phrases, of praises to the land, and of words that snatched Rattner's fancy—"peanuts, skyline, Abe Lincoln, corn, chewing gum." Having no rhyme and no obvious reason, the words simply record the consciousness of a humdrum journey in an old Buick, and vividly recreate it—a combination journal-poem and experiment in layout.

Although the Sandburgian poem represents a tour de force of graphic design in Rattner's own natural penmanship, it is by no means the only instance of his verbal play; he is highly conscious of calligraphic effects, and often words are incorporated to amplify a drawing. On the cover, there is a Prophet, caught in a blaze of yellow sun, whose eyes are alive with discovery and whose thought Rattner, at the bottom of the page, in his jagged way, has used as a design element, much like the spiked outlines of the face: "The rivers, the mountains, the sky, the sea, the earth, air, the stinks, plants, perfume of flowers the trees in the air in the soil, the animals, birds, bugs, the fishes and everything created . . . God exists." The strong role of words is perhaps more than an idiosyncrasy in Rattner; their use confirms the fact that his primal urge is indeed a symbolic one. William Blake, after all, can be pointed to as a kindred spirit, incontrovertibly motivated as a mystic desiring to make drawing and poetry one image. Rattner, possibly, is not sufficiently confirmed in this direction to make the most of it.

In pure drawing Rattner's spontaneous force can strain the very margins of the page in strength of contrast. Sometimes highly delicate and detailed, as in the crosshatched *Figure in Flame* (1952), but also lightning-quick, he uses

the pen like a scolding tongue in *Christ Surrounded by Thorns* (1952) or, from *Ezekiel 37, 1-14*, *The Valley of Dry Bones*, in a flow of jagged streaks. Three reproductions of oils are also included. They are evidence of Rattner's superb color sense, and, of the ones chosen, two bear out the same religious spirit as the drawings. The paintings are clearly patterned from stained glass in their richness and in the reliance upon a paneled coherence—*Moses* and *Job* particularly; *Composition with Old Shoes*, No. 2, is looser and, in its unpointed abstraction, more of a color extravaganza. Quite the opposite of the ink drawings, which are at their best harsh and critical, Rattner's symphonic riches of color actually outshine (and sometimes muddle) the meaning he wishes to convey. An extremist, he has a tendency to overdo too the figure with stretched or twisted arms; but even as the theme becomes repetitious, he seems to have the passion to deal with it persistently, to seek variety—albeit, sometimes, without sufficient clarity of purpose.

To recognize that the ingredients of Rattner's art—Picassoesque form destruction, Romanesque figural distortions and traditional religious themes—are readily intelligible and bound to be popular in our symbol-hungry times is not to disparage them. Rattner's images are violent, tortured and exhilarating all at the same time, and, since they happen to bear witness to the condition of man's religious sense in an environment hostile to it, they are as exact as they are erratic. As such, they have their moment as a genuine contemporary witness, and it is fitting that Rattner's explosive gropings for a vision—and occasional flashes—and his large sense of landscape—are available in this comprehensive monograph form; the color reproduction is especially beautiful. In dimensions approximately seventeen by thirteen inches, this is a generous and unusual publishing venture in the United States—to invest so heavily in the works of a contemporary artist. Fortunately, Rattner has the substance for it, so the volume may set a precedent. For taking the risk, the University of Illinois Press is to be commended.

SUZANNE BURREY

Modern Japanese Prints by Oliver Statler. Charles E. Tuttle Company. \$7.50.

OLIVER STATLER, like so many other soldiers of the American Army of Occupation, became attracted to and eventually deeply identified with Japanese life and culture. He is probably the leading collector of modern Japanese artist-executed wood-block prints. He has written what is practically a biographical dictionary and encyclopedia of the art, from its beginning at the end of the last century to the present. Many Westerners are familiar with the modern artisan prints, an outgrowth of traditional *ukiyo-e*, designed by artists like Hasui Kawase, Shinsui Ito and the elder Yoshida. They are decorative, commercial, often sentimental, and of no great artistic importance. When Shiko Munakata won a first prize for artist-executed wood-block prints (the Japanese call them *sosaku hanga*, "creative prints") at São Paulo in 1955 and was featured in a USIS film, modern Japanese prints became world-famous. The creative print is actually a

Western innovation. The traditional print was only sketched and supervised by the artist. At the end of the last century Japanese artists studying abroad discovered that Western art was deeply influenced by *ukiyo-e*, and that, under the mistaken notion that they were artist-executed, a whole movement of creative wood block had grown up. Not to be outdone by their imitators, they too took up the medium. The founders of the movement, and still amongst the best artists, are Kanae Yamamoto, much influenced by artists like Munch and Gauguin (unfortunately not by the latter's woodcuts), Koshiro Onchi, originally a Fauve artist and after the Second World War a decorative abstractionist, and Unichi Hiratsuka, the most Japanese of the three to Western eyes, greatly indebted to the cheap popular black-and-white Buddhist prints of both China and Japan (The nearest parallel in the West is the "holy picture" of the Mexican peasantry.) These three artists, or anyway these three tendencies, still dominate the field today. Thus Saito and Shinagawa owe much to Onchi, Munakata to Hiratsuka, and there is a host of more or less decorative, more or less conventional—the convention being a prettified blend of Art Nouveau, Fauve and Nabi styles of the nineties and nineteen-hundreds in the West—artists whose work is inevitably popular. I do not think this latter class important. After all, there are thousands upon thousands of commercial artists and illustrators in the West whose work is quite as good—indistinguishable, in fact. The decorative cubism of the school of Onchi is, again, too light, too decorative, to carry much weight. The school of Hiratsuka, Munakata, Kawakami, Azechi, Shimozawa, Maeda and others is another matter. I know nothing exasperates the modern Japanese writer or artist more than to be told that he should not imitate the West but stick to his own tradition. Such advice has a dreadful sound of patronizing chauvinism about it. Nevertheless the advice carries weight. Nothing shows this more than the capriciousness of the non-Occidental's taste in Western art. When as great an artist as Munakata says that his favorite painters are Van Gogh and Puvis de Chavannes, one can only be thankful that he early returned to artistic traditions where he could be truly oriented. I am not, I should confess, a passionate admirer of the woodcut, as such, whoever does it. I think it is, by and large, a finicky medium with limited scope and superficial appeal, and shows up best when it does not have to carry the whole burden of esthetic satisfaction—as book illustration. There is one Japanese artist who in a sense prints from wood blocks, who works with old barrel tops, worn-out clogs, carpenters' scraps, sawn and planed sections of rotten wood, and who has done a few actual woodcuts—Sabro Hasegawa. He is one of the few artists of world importance in modern Japan, and he is missing from this book, as are some others who do not fit Oliver Statler's somewhat conventional taste. This is a pity. Anyway, here is a lavishly illustrated guide to the modern Japanese woodcut. There are one hundred plates, fourteen in color, and a color woodcut as frontispiece, and in the text, portraits of all the artists. On the whole it makes about as good a showing as the best exhibition of woodcuts you might encounter anywhere in the West.

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Mexico (probably Southern Vera Cruz), JAGUAR, Olmec Style (500 B.C.-500 A.D.).

Photos by Charles E. M.

MONTH IN REVIEW

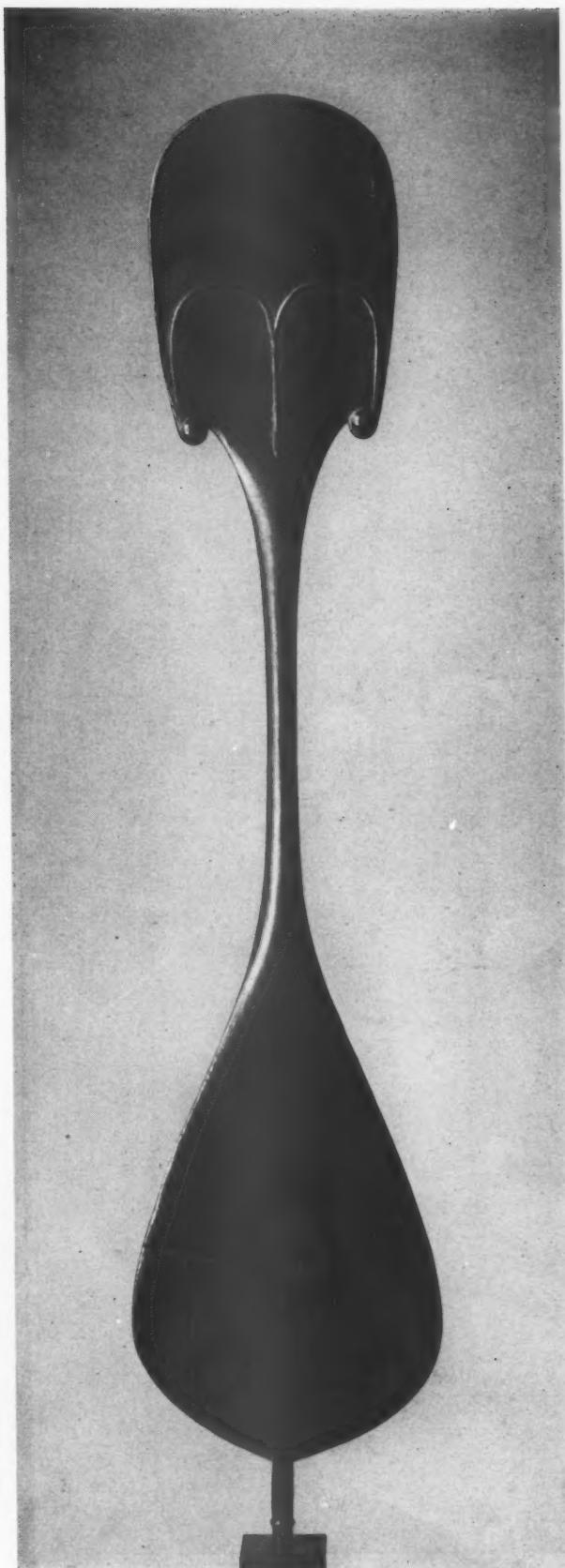
BY HILTON KRAMER

IDEAS father institutions, but at the moment of birth the offspring may not be immediately recognizable. The Museum of Primitive Art which has recently opened in New York, with Robert Goldwater as acting director, would seem at first glance to have little to do with the idea of primitivism to which artists half a century ago were so passionately committed. Here the galleries are thick-carpeted and the objects are handsomely spotlighted. An element of chic is present. The visual language of modern interior design insinuates itself everywhere. One almost expects to hear music piped into these elegant galleries. Nothing, it seems, could be more remote from that commitment to a freer, unbridled expressiveness which characterized the artists' interest in, and emulation of, works of primitive art fifty years ago. Yet that commitment has produced this museum whose exhibits are now considered as pure esthetic statements. The soft-carpeted atmosphere is simply one of those interesting period irrelevancies—our period irrelevancy—which will soon (if not already?) look as dated as those faded photographs of the *salons* in which pictures were hung in tiers with scarcely any breathing space from frame to frame. It speaks more to the social historian of the future about the class taste which sponsors our art institutions than to the observer interested in art here and now.

The virtues of this new setting are obvious; they all add up to the fact that one's attention can focus straightway on the object, and so for the most part we can forget about the chic. (For the most part, but not entirely. It has a certain esthetic role to play, about which I shall comment in a moment.) Moreover, one's attention is generously rewarded by the selection of objects which Dr. Goldwater has presented for our enjoyment in this first exhibition. Dr. Goldwater is well known as a critic, and this selection is an admirable vindication of his critical judgment. Drawing largely upon the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller, which forms the basis of the new museum, and also from gifts by other notable collectors, he has placed on view a modest number of objects whose variety, subtlety and complexity speak eloquently of that enormous range of artistic expression we condescend to call "primitive."

What is most impressive about this exhibition is precisely its range of feeling. The demonic, the violent, the erotic, the most bizarre and the most classical as well as the subtlest degrees of sensibility—all are exhibited in the works on view here. Far more striking than any common denominator of form or craft or cultural origin is the staggering abundance of artistic ideas, and the vitality which marks the execution of nearly every piece. It shatters even some very sophisticated assumptions about the meaning of what is "primitive"; for this writer, at least, it shatters the term itself—it should no longer be applied to so many kinds of art, however qualified or vague or surrounded by equivocations. One is suddenly appalled to realize that instead of telling us anything, it only masks our ignorance. It is a subterfuge for our incomplete knowledge. It reminds us of the extent to which our conception of history has locked out some of the most brilliant civilizations of the past. It underscores the imperiousness of our Western sensibilities, and exposes a kind of historical provincialism.

THE range of this first exhibition at the Museum of Primitive Art has been deliberate, of course. Dr. Goldwater remarks in his brief introduction to the catalogue that "paradoxically, the unifying theme of this exhibition is the diversity of the works that comprise it. Its stress is upon their immense variety of subject, of form and of expression." Consider two works included in this "immense variety": the large stone *Jaguar* from Mexico, dated 500 B.C.-500 A.D., identified in origin as



Polynesia, Easter Island, CEREMONIAL PADDLE (nineteenth century?)

MONTH IN REVIEW



Above: Costa Rica Highlands, EXECUTIONER (1000-1500 A.D.); right: Central Mexico, Rattlesnake, Aztec (1325-1520 A.D.).

"probably Southern Vera Cruz: Olmec Style," a terrifying sculptural image in every aspect of its countenance—its imposing mass, its demonic, hollowed cavities for eyes, the jaw and mouth and teeth articulated with a horribly exact sense of their capacity to destroy, the whole conception speaking to our eyes of a profound, unmediated, brute cruelty which even the passage of time and the weathering of the elements have not been able to alleviate; and then the Polynesian *Ceremonial Paddle* in wood from Easter Island, dated uncertainly as of the nineteenth century, a work of the most gracious and delicate silhouette whose symmetrical flat mass is fashioned in curved shapes the design of which denotes an ingenuous elegance of spirit. The voracious cruelty of one and the exquisite sensibility of the other reveal differences of temperament which mock their common designation as "primitive." And as one takes stock of this variety, the mockery becomes more insistent. There is the curious wood sculpture of a *Mother Nursing Child* from the Yorubas of Nigeria. Its eyes are like something in a department-store Christmas doll; less vacant perhaps but no less banal. It looks—as almost nothing else here does—a bit amateur. There is a *Plain Hacha* from Vera Cruz—blunt, austere, precise, utterly cold but compelling in its stark immediacy. One is relieved to turn from it to an object which admits the eye more hospitably. And in this category none is more engaging than the stone *Janus Head* of Celtic origin in France (fourth century B.C.), a magnificently carved head with two faces, each occupying only a small part of the stone mass, each with its features carved into the stone in beautiful, simple forms. There is nothing really delicate in this head (except possibly the "line" drawn by one's eye around the silhouette of the whole mass from some three-quarter views), yet its over-all imagery speaks for an artistic integrity of a kind we associate in our time with a delicacy of vision.

There are many more notable exhibits than one can name here, but I should point to several others: the *Executioner* from the Costa Rica Highlands (1000-1500 A.D.); the *Ancestral Figure* from Easter Island; the very fine *Kneeling Man* from the Mississippi Valley in Tennessee; the violent *Double Ox*





Polynesia, Easter Island, ANCESTRAL FIGURE, (late nineteenth century?).



Mexico, Vera Cruz, PALMATE STONE, Tajin Style, (600-900 A.D.).



Africa, Cameroon Grasslands, CEREMONIAL HEAD, (nineteenth century?).

Head Helmet-Mask from the Sudan; the *Ceremonial Head* from the Cameroon Grasslands, a work (in wood) to which time has given, more obviously than elsewhere, a ravaged and decayed countenance to what must have been cleanly articulated features in its original state; and the stunning Aztec *Rattlesnake* (1325-1520 A.D.).

What all of these works have in common is their "otherness" from the art of Western European and modern American culture. To that extent the designation of "primitive" marks a useful line of separation. We are so used to making critical distinctions among works in our own tradition, and so used to regarding that tradition as a richly heterogeneous abundance of unique works and radical artistic ideas, that an exhibition like this at the Museum of Primitive Art has the effect of underscoring an almost oppressive sameness in the works of art we are most used to admiring. They seem to be so fussy with personal claims. They seem to dwell so endlessly on nuances of feeling, on refinements of style which are refinements of ideas and emblems of personal, sometimes heroic, ambition. I remember the shock I felt on first seeing the Arensberg Collection in Philadelphia a few years ago: the Pre-Columbian works asserted such a brute power that for a while everything in that dazzling collection of twentieth-century art seemed to look the same. It was only through an effort of will that one was finally able to "see" the modern works at all. Yet such refinements and nuances form the natural habitat of our sensibilities. They are the only language in which our artistic instincts can impress themselves with meaning on our waking consciousness. The quality which I have called "otherness" in primitive art separates it ultimately from our fundamental concerns, so that it can never, I believe, assume a role equal to the works of our own culture and tradition, whatever romances—literary, anthropological or esthetic—we may fabricate to the contrary.

It is in the effort to disguise and domesticate this otherness that the manner of exhibition takes on an esthetic function, a rather dubious function I think. The element of chic in the presentation robs these primitive objects of some of their force and power. It makes out of them a kind of adjunct to our taste. The Olmec *Jaguar* on its Brancusi-style pedestal is a brilliant display idea; it reveals a mind well stocked with the formal vocabulary of twentieth-century sculpture. But it has the effect of reducing its capacity to impose itself on us. The same is true of the handsome blue background and special lighting provided the *Ceremonial Paddle* from Easter Island. Its artistic power is inevitably mitigated by this effort to place it entirely in our hands.

Moreover, it is not only this blanket otherness of spirit

which is domesticated here; it is the ultimate separation of many of these works from each other which is glossed over as well. Regardless of their time and place of origin or of their disparate levels of intensity, they are all dissolved into a spectacle of the "primitive," transformed into a coefficient of our current interests, where in actuality they represent many discrete traditions. The assumption of this exhibition is that this discreteness matters less than a general survey of what may be said to constitute the "primitive" in art. It is this assumption which relates the new museum directly to the interest in primitive art by modern artists at the turn of the century, for their interest too was in annexing primitive objects to their own concerns and not in confronting them as artistic statements in their own right, not in seeing the thing-in-itself. But half a century later the configuration changes to some degree. The interests of a museum are not necessarily the interests of artists, even though the museums are now quick to assimilate the taste (if not always the values) of the artists. Whereas the artists invoked the primitive as a vital counter element to what they considered dead in our own culture, the museum adjusts the primitive (insofar as it can) to the taste of our time. It equalizes what might better have remained an unequal experience. We all derive some pleasure from it, and this new museum promises to be a distinguished vehicle for this pleasure, but all the same one has a nagging suspicion that some vital part of the experience has been sacrificed in the process.

The Italian sculptor **Manzù** is having his first one-man exhibition in New York this month at *World House Galleries* (April 24-May 18). It will be discussed in this department next month together with the work of another Italian sculptor, **Mirko**, showing at the *Catherine Viviano Gallery* (May 13-June 15). At right: **Manzù's CARDINAL** (1955), at *World House*.



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Olga Dormandi, PETER GIDWITZ; at Portraits, Inc.

AN INFALLIBLE harbinger of spring, more reliable than weather reports, is the group show. Group showings possess a special appeal, for the artists' works obtain an augmented interest by juxtaposition. The current show at the Alan Gallery comprises only new works, not random selections from the stock room. In the sculpture division, *Catalonia*, by Oliver Andrews, with its tremulous pendants like an exquisite filigree, is a decided contrast with this artist's solidity of form in *Head* and the figure *Speak*, their diversity revealing equally fine craftsmanship. The bronze *Reclining Figure* by Jack Squier is an imaginative conception admirably realized; his *Arch* is developed in imposing architectural proportions. An alabaster *Head* by William King, a combination of sound structure and delicate modeling, is a distinctively impressive piece; and his self-portrait in gayly painted wood, an amusing travesty of portraiture. William Brice's three oil studies of *Figure in Landscape* present subtle divergences in the placing of a nude figure in its setting in richness of color and textures. *Burn-Out*, by Carroll Cloar, tempera on gesso, depicts the tragic aftermath of a fire with piled-up debris and skeletal forms, but these details are skillfully subordinated to breadth of design. Robert Knipschild's *Coast Road* is not so much a description of a scene as its synthesis in tenuous color and impalpable forms. Two industrial scenes by Easton Pribble possess excellent relevance of intricate detail; his *Apple Tree* shows a gigantic volume of proliferating foliage, the heavy leafage struck out in patterns of light and shade. Charles Oscar's *Interior with Figures*, held to an effective concentration of focal interest, and his idyllic *Pastoral* are included with a surprising, realistic painting of feet, entitled *Flight*. (Alan, April 15-May 4.)

ENTERING the exhibition of portraits by Olga Dormandi is like coming unobserved upon a group of delightful people, so naturally and spontaneously are the sitters presented in apparently unposed, characteristic attitudes. The artist has done more than secure realistic likenesses in her portraiture, for gestures seem conditioned by a mental and emotional compulsion. It is as though she has seized a single critical moment in the flux of individual life that reveals the mystery of personality. Finished craftsmanship is shown

in the breadth and surety of the designs and in the sensitive selection of color that accords with mood and temperament. Moreover, she has drawn on a variety of resources to obtain a wide gamut of expressive effects. At times the figures seem to be merged in a fusion of color in vividness of spatial existence. Yet always there is precision of structure, with many subtleties of handling. The artist possesses a gift of provocative arrangements for her sitters, arrangements due not to caprice, but to a correspondence with individual traits. Boys and girls are often difficult subjects for effective portraiture, but she captures the freshness and charm of adolescence with no tinge of sentimentality. In this distinguished group there is no discernible better or best, yet special mention must be made of the engaging portrait of *Judith Dupont*; of the spirited presentation of two lads, *Miles and Edward Newman*; of the summing up of temperament and personality in the portrait of *Mr. Gerald Gidwitz*. Hungarian by birth, Olga Dormandi has long resided and painted in Paris. She has held exhibitions previously in this country, but this is her only one exclusively of portraits. (Portraits, Inc., March 20-April 2.)

SANTOMASO, a Venetian artist who has received wide acclaim in Italy, is now holding his first exhibition in this country, consisting mainly of landscapes on vast canvases—the size so much in vogue with contemporary painters. He is, however, able to cover these large areas with coherent if complex designs, conveying sensitive response to visual experience. It would be idle to expect these personal translations of things seen to conform to ordinary normal vision, for they are both emotional and cerebral images evoked through the artist's sensibility in intricately disposed planes and scintillating color. While the spontaneity of these free-flowing designs is apparent, there is also an obvious impression of the intelligence that has controlled them; they have passed through the alembic of the artist's imagination into a new, compelling interpretation of reality, principally because of their color. They recall Van Gogh's



Giuseppe Santomaso, THE RIVER; at Borgenicht Gallery.

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HOLAM FARBER is an artist who appears unconcerned with any modish contemporaneity, divergences of art expression; having developed his own ideology, he staunchly continues to employ it. His recent painting reveals an increased amplitude of scope, an added surety of touch, but it remains phrased in his personal idiom. He paints figures of most massive proportions, so solidly modeled, so relevant of gesture, that they become endowed with latent animation; his usual palette of low earth colors develops the reality of their flesh textures. They do not suggest symbolism or fantasy, but the vigor of powerful forms. A group, seated by the edge of a pool, enveloped in a murky red, displays his ability to sustain an impressive spatial design, the attitudes of the figures relevant to the totality of composition. *The Blue Bed*, an interior scene, its figures adroitly posed in a closed-in design, is another example of his subtle handling of space. Personal predilection chooses *Making the Bed*; two huge forms, with backs toward the viewer, are presented with such vitality of muscular coordination in their bending figures that they become convincingly alive. (Salpeter, April 22-May 11.)

Jules Pascin bears witness to his gifts, as so distinctive that they need no signature for their attribution—a fact which accounts for the failure of his would-be imitators. The subjects are usually nude, sensuous women, the forms defined both with precision and subtlety of detail, the defining lines so flowing and delicate that details never become insistent. The figures are enveloped in a luminous atmospheric quality, of our familiar world, but of a seductive, escapable lyrical essence. The rhythmic continuity of their forms in fluent sequence of lines, creating bodily solidity, might suggest sculptural modeling, but they are too vibrantly alive for sculpture, the tension between contours imparting vitality, the caressing touch of the brush endowing them with warmth of flesh. Each plane holds its place consistently with all others. Color is not brilliant; fusing with light, it echoes the notes of bits of drapery and background setting. *Card with Bottle* is one of the many canvases that illustrate the felicitous placing of a figure in spatial design. A gallery of watercolors displays another facet of this artist's work. They mainly an effective shorthand in linear terms, silhouetted against pale grounds representing figures and landscape in an impetuous *joie de vivre* of movement. Even when forms are clearly defined in evanescent hues, in *Cavalier du désert*, they are swept through the paper in a rush of motion. In the last gallery of this exhibition a group of the artists of the School of Paris, the modern old masters, with whom Pascin was long and closely associated, forms an impressive show by itself. (Perls Gallery, April 15-May 18.)

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IN THE GALLERIES

Trends in Watercolors Today, Italy and U.S.: General impressions, simplified: one of the most exciting exhibitions of contemporary art imaginable (145 painters, 223 pictures, selected singlehandedly in Italy and America by John Gordon, Brooklyn's curator of paintings and sculpture); watercolor no longer a restrictive medium, if it was ever thought so. Within the domain of American abstract painting, extreme or moderate, these arrest the eye by primarily forceful means: Cicero, Guerrero, Hulberg, Kienbusch and Ronald; these appeal by attractive textures or composition or through conceptions readily grasped: Borgenicht, Frasconi, Mitchell, Olds, Tam, Thon; others, having subtlety of means not instantly apparent, whose value increases after the second look, include Barnet, D'Arista, Graves, Hartigan, Heliker, Keen, Lunden, Shaw and Weber. Then there are those who have defined their subject with such purity as to assure you, beyond your discrimination of techniques or the momentary quickening of your pulse, that what they've distilled from the tissue of appearances has a vivid relationship to all forms which are the images of our sense of life: Avery, Burchfield, Peterdi and Schrag. That sense animates progressive Italian painters, vitally occupied in working through "astratto-concreto" to re-create their own idioms in terms which will renounce the vestiges of Futurist, Surrealist, Constructivist or Parisian-Intimist modes. Their version of the subjective movement which has arisen for this purpose universally, and includes the so-called action painting of the U.S., is infinitely rich in chromatic values, more mellowed in tone and conceived with unique subtlety, even while it matches our most energetic talents in point of virility (cf. Afro, Ajmone, Birolli, Garino, Licata, Santomaso, Scialoja, Spazzapani, Saroni, Tancredi). But just as the land itself looms behind the conditioning of "American" artists, so behind every Italian waits the humanized object: the still life of Morandi, the stone-cut figures of Mario Sironi, the Venetian warmth of Maria Sbisa's coral-to-umber facades, the audacious "studies for sculpture" of Manzu or Ramous, the precisely romantic cityscapes of Vespignani—and that new, yet archaic vision of the young Bolognese, Leonardo

Cremonini, whose cold-dawn light monumentalizes woman and child on a balcony and endows the rancid-silver planes and hollows of the bull's carcass with reminders that living and dead are but sources for eternal mutations of the classical spirit. (Brooklyn Museum, April 9-May 26.)—V.Y.

International Guggenheim Award: As might be expected, the prize winners of this international contest are generally in the middle of the road. The big award of \$10,000 was given to Ben Nicholson, whose entry is eminently award-winning. A handsome refinement of Cubist premises, it offers a virtuous, solid combination of traditional craftsmanship and elegant detail in a style which is clearly modern, without being assertively so. The remaining paintings, which, for reasons of space, cannot all be exhibited at the same time, provide a comparable résumé of past contemporary achievement, in whose context the fine Hartung and De Kooning look wildly radical. In general, most of these pictures, stemming from places like Yugoslavia, Canada, Poland, attempt to combine figurative imagery with the looser, more impulsive vocabulary of the 1950's and produce rather tepid results. The best paintings, however, by no means conform to this generalization. I would cite Alan Davie's *Altar of the Moon* (England), a potent icon reminiscent of Stonehenge in its crude, firm geometric enclosures animated by some lunar magic; Pierre Alechinsky's *Anthill* (Belgium), a fascinating, earth-colored labyrinth of insect architecture, which swarms and buzzes with activity; Jens Sondergaard's *Winter Landscape* (Denmark), a powerful reprise of Nordic Expressionism, in which migrant figures are silhouetted against a bleak vista below a brooding sky; John Bratby's *Jean and Still Life* (England), a sample of the "Kitchen Sink School," which offers a kind of Pre-Raphaelite fascination with such grimy domestic details as Corn Flakes boxes; René Magritte's ominous *Domain of Light* (Belgium), one of his familiar luminary enigmas of blue, cloud-filled skies above an inky black street scene; or Emilio Vedova's *From the Eye of Protest* (Italy), whose vigor and stridency overcome the crudeness of its primary colors. For all these highlights, though, I suspect this group gives no better a survey of the

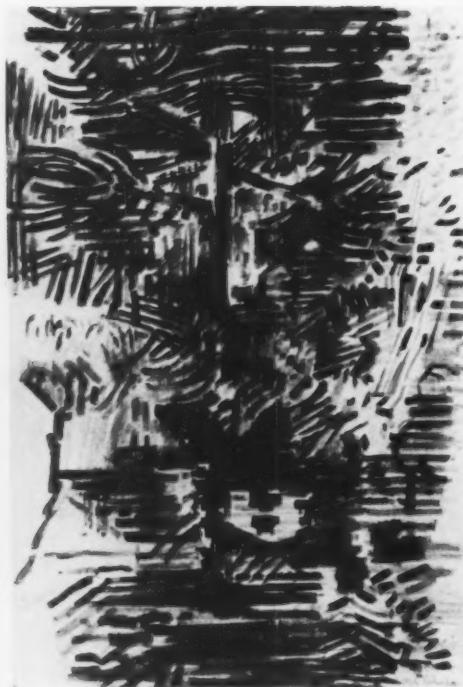
best in contemporary painting than do the endearing galleries at the Venice Biennale. (Guggenheim Museum, March 27-May 19.)—R.R.

Meltzer Group: The understatement of Milton Avery's paintings might be a key to this group show, which leans toward the whispered discretion. By contrast to Avery's blue gulls, which almost disappear in their blue coastal setting Wallace Putnam's sea birds, backed by white crested waves, almost look vigorous in the handling of paint. The more abstract painters shown are equally elegant. George Constant provides delicately nuanced structures of muted color patches, like a magnified Impressionist vision of sea, rock, or earth. Carl Holty offers comparable refined modulations of color and shape, constructing quiet counterpoints of rectilinear edge and blurred forms, jagged angles and hazy colors. And even John von Wicht's more brilliant *Nordic*, with its cold blue waters and icebergs vividly offset by brisk oranges and reds, betrays an underlying preference for the disciplined detail rather than the assertive whole. Within this subdued context, Sigmund Menkes' Weber-esque dancer dressing is harshly intrusive in its coarse energy of line and color. (Meltzer, April 16-May 18.)—R.R.

Abstract Art before Columbus: Displayed in this exhibition are objects dating as far back as 1500 B.C. shaped by the inhabitants of North and Central America during the centuries which preceded the arrival of European civilization. Objects which have been selected because of qualities which evoke an esthetic response regardless of their original function. Thus whether urn, bowl, macehead or pectoral pendant, they stir our admiration for their abstract properties of shape, color, design—their significant form. It is increasingly apparent that significant form is a constant for all ages and all cultures, and that, once rid of trammeling preconceptions, we should be able to recognize it wherever we encounter it. This selection affords an opportunity to test our reactions to objects which for us have neither practical connotations nor supernatural implications, but which should communicate to us through the eloquence of their forms something of how their creators looked upon the world.

There is an illuminating variety both in the cultures represented and in the nature of the objects, from the small, explicitly shaped banner stones of the Ohio Valley Mound Builders to

Karl Schrag, DARK TREE, DARK WATER; at Brooklyn Museum.



John von Wicht, NORDIC; at Meltzer Gallery.



the bulbous, tripoded urn from the classical period of Colima, from the ceremonial *hachas* and *palmas* carved of rough volcanic stone to the translucent white onyx *Mezcala* bowl and the green jade axe head from Guatemala. The sophisticated handling of materials, the exploitation of grains and textures in the stones and the understanding and appreciation of their natural properties form one of the areas in which these artists make their esthetic awareness most strikingly felt; another is in the modeling in clay, the elegant proportions, the marvels of invention, the imagination and improvisation which make a clay jug an original creation rather than the replica of a standard design. Mention must also be made of the painted designs on the bowl and pitcher from the Anasazi Culture of Arizona, abstract designs which are continuous and unbroken, deceptive in their simplicity, of marked originality and freedom.

A handsome book published in conjunction with the exhibition includes photographs of all the items in the show by Lee Boltin (the photographs demonstrate how fine photography can often be misleading in regard to sculpture because of overly dramatic lighting) and a perceptive text by Dore Ashton. (Emmerich, May 1-31.)—M.S.

New Talent—Cohen, Kohn, Schapiro: The fact that the current exhibition is one of the liveliest and most mature in its offerings in the series of New Talent Exhibitions presented by the Museum of Modern Art since 1950 is possibly due to a new policy which stipulates that the artist not have had a *major* one-man showing (term undefined) rather than, as formerly, that he not have had a one-man show in New York. The two painters and the sculptor exhibiting at present will already be familiar to assiduous gallery-goers, but there is scarcely space here for discussion of a policy which seems to parallel the function of the commercial galleries, rather than supplementing it by offering the opportunity for exhibition to artists who have no gallery outlet. At any rate, the show is a good one, both in quality and in the carefully balanced selection of three very distinct individual talents.

George Cohen, a member of the faculty of Northwestern University, exhibits ready-mades of a very witty and engaging nature in which the disjointed limbs of dolls play a crucial role, but inevitably the appearance is slightly dated. His invention with materials carries over into his paintings, in the use of gold and aluminum leaf

and the unexpected bits of collage. Unique in conception as well as execution, his images have a curious flavor of something previously unseen, yet stirring dormant memories of things sensed or imagined. Totally different is the forthright and immediate approach of Miriam Schapiro, whose large paintings depend for effect on the accumulation of innumerable swift, fluent brush strokes in a wide range of bright, vibrant colors. A compelling expenditure of energy is evident in every corner of her canvases, and her painting vocabulary is an extensive one; it is chiefly through these qualities that her painting is intelligible.

There is a strong element of the master craftsman in Gabriel Kohn, particularly in his large constructions in wood with their lovingly worked surfaces, the intricate joinings, laminations, careful connecting pegs and details like the juxtaposition of varying grains. His monumental *Object of the Sea* is at once the creation of man's deliberate hands and the product of the hazards of time and nature; its force is in the deadlock of the two elements. Kohn's small sculptures in terra cotta have this same combination of the deliberate and the random in their complex build-up of hollows and ledges and protuberances; the title of *Cathedral* which they bear does not seem apt, for they proceed upward in fits and starts rather than with a soaring motion. (Museum of Modern Art, April 9-May 12.)—M.S.

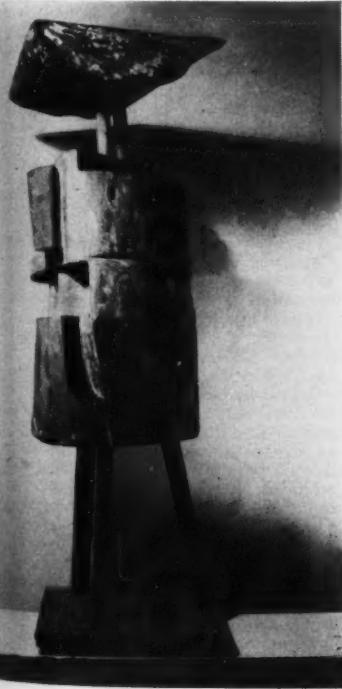
John Heliker: Landscapes with soft, broken colors, summery whites; the fragile outlines of a linear assemblage of bottles and fruits; small landscapes, more cubistic, and darker in color—Heliker's work is extremely poetic, but not at all tenuous. The earlier landscapes break toward abstraction, while the later break back toward a delicate realism. *East River*, for instance, is primarily a translation, of buildings and water and heights into outlines filled with chunks of delicate color—violet, blues, light grays, whites. Among the later landscapes, those done at Cranberry Isle are hazy mixtures, variously white, with pale, summer blues and violets, and occasional jumpy bits of brightness—yellow, bright blue, red—while those done in Nova Scotia are richer, darker, and have more spatial depth. In his still lifes too, Heliker's realism is primarily a matter of spacing and outline. Thus *Still Life with Flowers*, patently two-dimensional and realistic in the finely drawn outlines of the bottles, vases, fruits and flowers, has an unreal plasticity as the modulated gray-whites of its

background are drawn through and fill the flatly transparent objects. Heliker's work is finely tempered in an expressive unity which, to date, eschews all violent contrasts or extremes. (Kraushaar, April 22-May 11.)—E.P.

David von Schlegell: Each of these huge, spare, moody landscapes in oil is built up out of an economy of means: a palette limited, generally, to grays, blacks, whites and various earth browns; an assemblage of a few broad, expansively painted forms; and, here and there, the essential definitive line that strikes out the edge of a boundary. *Springdale IV*, with its broad, free areas of sand brown and black, its bold and vigorous rhythms, and *Coast near Canstrap*, with its sweeping tides of brown and its scratched white definitions, are particularly impressive. Where the paintings sometimes fail is in their expansiveness: the areas are too broad, the painting itself too slack and thin to sustain interest. There is also, strangely enough, an opposite tendency: the habit of drawing out the paint in only one or two places (in *Between the Mountains II*, the focal spot of the composition is built up almost sculpturally to an inch or more thick)—which does not seem a painterly solution to the problem in the same terms with which the rest of the painting is dealing. At their best, however, these are singularly vigorous and exciting works. (Poindexter, May 18-June 1.)—J.R.M.

Hans Jaenisch: Jaenisch's first "showing" in America actually took place over twelve years ago and was more constrained, by far. He was a prisoner of war in a Southwestern desert camp. Affable, to a degree uncommon in that particular Enemy, he was permitted to paint the Western scene, and his spirited interpretations of home-on-the-range were reproduced in the magazine *Arizona Highways*. Upon returning to the Fatherland, to discover that his previous paintings had been destroyed by Allied bombardment, he promptly resolved to begin again, in another part of the ruins. The fruit of this resolution—by report, the melancholy subject stemmed from enemy aircraft—was exhibited here, in part, with a traveling show of Berlin painters in 1951. Jaenisch is happier now, if the current show, upwards of thirty fancy-free pictures, has any direct bearing on their painter's frame of mind. Somewhere in the Never-Never Land which haunted Klee and Miró, Jaenisch has staked out a cloud of his own, and on or in it he designs, like a past master (his paint has a matchless

Gabriel Kohn, MEMORIAL TO A; at Museum of Modern Art.



John Heliker, STILL LIFE WITH FLOWERS; at Kraushaar Galleries.





Spanish, STILL LIFE WITH CHEESE; at Walker Gallery.



Arthur Osver, GROWTH; at Grand Central Moderns.

luster and his color co-ordinates are faultless), lovely-serious abstractions like *Bird's Nest*, a midnight blue but un-tragic *Icarus*, wonderful bulls and toads and biconcave horses with tiny heads and double-jointed riders, a blue rectangular beast with spikes and coronas adrift in him, titled *Unicorn*, a joke called *Isle*—surely a whale(?), gray on scarlet, chartreuse-tipped tail, a coral tongue, a rear-center propeller (on him it looks good)—and creatures that once were men. (Kleemann, April 22-May 25.)—V.Y.

Spanish Still-Life Paintings: From the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they have in common a generally frugal palette and a tonal character which, since one's first impression is of succulence and abundant sensuality, is paradoxically austere. The Spanish *bodegón* painter worked not for public delectation—he was often a recluse—not even, perhaps, to render, except primarily, the "kitchen object" in itself, but to fulfill the divine in the ordinary, to invest the fruit, the vegetable, the very utensils, with that sense of the arcane and the immutable which alone was reality for him. But the surface of this cheese (No. 8, Unknown Artist) is like an adobe wall absorbing sunlight and decanting it, sparingly, into the dark pool of the plate. Nature, scorned as landscape, has its epiphanies. Meléndez's *Fruits and Cucumbers* congregate in accurate splendor, interrelated and complemented by leaf and stem and the faggotting above the cluster of wild strawberries. The mystery is partly the presence of that undepth space which surrounds and permeates all these paintings, within which the profile of an urn (in the Espinosa) or the shimmering glass (as in Nos. 7 and 8) attends diffidently, like an aloof stranger wrapped in a cloak. The "School of Zurbarán, Brown and White" painting has the most taciturn perfection; eschewing the bloom of grapes, the liquefaction of amber or the melody of ripe-red curvatures, the artist presented his forms almost starkly, with dry surface against a background which neither conceals nor concedes. Glasses quiver transparently and the olives are tremulous, but the earthenware jug, the staunch apple and the frontally situated *cardón*, like a wrecked ship with its hull planking exposed, soberly dominate the picture. (Walker, April 1-20.)—V.Y.

George Segal: A large group of small pastels, and a small group of larger oils revolve for the most part around the same theme: one figure, usually a nude, draped in a coat, or cape, or cloak, in a space defined by large areas of rich color. The figures are posed dramatically: half-

sitting and half-lying, or half-reclining and clutching a knee. Their expressive postures create an arc of physical tension, as well as a psychological focus for the eye. In the pastels, the loose chalking in of color areas—walls, floors, patios, etc.—makes the whole expressively light. So that in these, the figures—red or orange or green as the case may be—seem to have been spontaneously translated into color. In the oils, however, the definition of the space is so rich and so solid, so full of vibrant contrasts, that the figures themselves tend to seem weak and sometimes freakish. Yet in spite of this, several are quite impressive—one in particular in which the inward sweep of a deep blue floor is blocked near the top of the canvas by the arc of a small black desk with a straight top edge and to the left by a red chair. (Hansa, May 2-6.)—E.P.

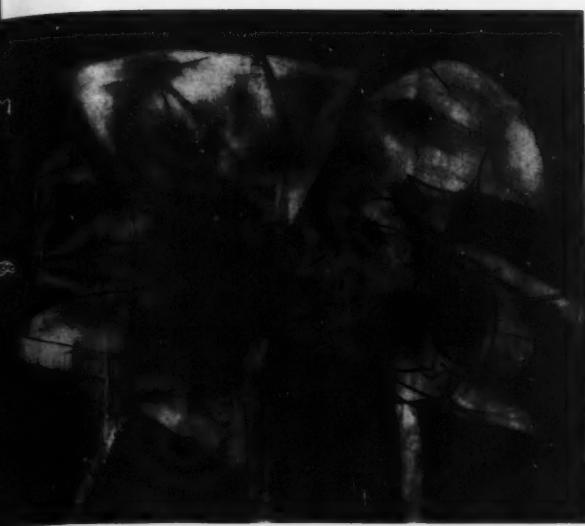
André Lansky: Intense sensations of color are used to build vibrations of form in Lansky's work. In his earlier still lifes and interiors, the colors are muted by brushwork which correlates them more definitely into local form. Lest one think Lansky's moderately thick paint-touch surfaces were stimulated by recent tachist currents, it is well to look at the dates, for a number of these paintings were done in 1926, '27, '28. All of his work has a tightly integrated, vibrant color surface, sensuous and decorative as in *Flowers* (1928); sensuous and decorative as in *Still Life* (1927), with its china bowls, wineglass, seeded watermelon and varied mounds of fruit. From an earlier period too are several fine landscapes, notably *Clamart bleue* (1928); and *Rue Vincigero* (1939). Lansky's recent work seems at first sight almost totally abstract by virtue of its radiant color breakage. Often, however, there are definite thematic shapes, sometimes quite obvious as in *Summer Itself*, a gay, lively creation in yellow, orange, pink, bright blue, light green, with a round table near the center; sometimes much less obvious as in *Blue Evening*, which is brilliantly repetitive in color, with a flat surface sensuously broken by the variegated shapes and sizes of the tactile blobs of color. Actually there are two figures in it, seated, one with a raised knee and an open book. "Lansky," wrote Dore Ashton in ARTS for March, 1956, "has been painting abstractions obviously based on direct observation of nature for more than fifteen years. [His] stance in the School of Paris is firm." (Fine Arts Associates, April 10-May 4.)—E.P.

Arthur Osver: In his first show in six years, Osver posits some important redirections for his always accomplished art. Works like *Edifice* or

Palatine still retain his familiar adjustment of delicately nuanced color planes to an architectural grid and continue to provide that firm amalgam of the intellectual and the sensuous that one has come to expect from Osver's work. But there are other new works which seem to have been revitalized by a large injection of Gorky. A case in point is *Blue Ishtucknee*, with its moist, swampy Floridian density; or, more conspicuous in its new organic freedom, *Growth*, where clotted colors churn, coalesce and dissolve in a framework which no longer has the security of the approximately rectilinear. Such pictures suggest a more exploratory and original trend, and indicate that the future may yield even more incisively personal statements in this freer vocabulary. (Grand Central Moderns, April 23-May 17.)—R.R.

John Sennhauser: In his watercolors, Sennhauser offers a Klee-like sensibility to the microscopic magic of plant shapes seen as frail transparencies or the meandering organic line which spells out forms suggestive of fingerprints or knotted wood. The collages, however, offer a more personal statement, while exhibiting comparably elegant nuances of color and shape. Here, forms like spiderwebs or garden corners trace out kaleidoscopic patterns, among whose dense intricacies one discovers delightfully unexpected and irrelevant newspaper and photographic fragments. (Zabriskie, April 29-May 18.)—R.R.

Claude Viseux: If, as seems possible to this observer (nothing up my sleeve), the next mainstream mutation is a new *rapprochement* of Surrealism and non-formal abstraction, Viseux, a thirty-year-young French painter, lately a fugitive from the halls of architecture, may be the most vital discovery to emerge from the Paris scene. Derived from the subjective mannerisms of American "action painting," with an admixture of Tchelitchew's cellular drifts, his bold execution of calculated spatter is but the means to exciting conceptual interpretations which have no other recent kinship. The bull, the birds and the aircraft forms which make up the menacing near-figurative personae of these paintings are brush-modeled with terrible verve: labyrinths and funiform passages abound; the reds and blues are martial and their surfaces, when vitreous, seem to enliven the pulsations of the open-white areas. *Lying in the Streets* (the reference can only be to perspective) is one of the most indelible paintings of speed, personified, since the hour of Balla and Boccioni: wedges and counter-wedges of diagonal shafts



Carmen Cicero. COURSHIP; at Peridot Gallery.



Carlyle Brown, STILL LIFE WITH LANDSCAPE AND BOUQUET; at Viviano Gallery.

like slender rockets (the color is of burnt grass) enclose, while catapulting from, an infernal bower. Motivated by premonition, Viseux is a volatile talent. He unites with contemporary impulse a memory of form. The combination is basic for an important painter. (Castelli, March 25-April 13.)—V.Y.

Robert Goodnough: The abstracted ship is his tour de force, an open basketwork of line and light in which clusters of small cubes, blue to green, like fragments of a tile, concentrate and reinforce structure and serve, where repeated in the lower areas of the composition, as prismatic marine reflections. The train is nearly as spirited, with a heavier, more restrictive treatment of the lancing lines, giving a sensation of hectic mass, so to speak, rather than of weather-driven buoyancy. A female figure, first a pyramid of intense red and blue vanishing behind furious black palings, undergoes total submersion in a sequential storm of latticed imposition, only to re-emerge as a calm enclosure of cubes and angles with lovely shadowed vertices, and there we are—with Braque, 1911. These stages of solution and resolution are too private for the interest of anyone but another painter. A strange frieze of cubiform, toga-dressed figures, excellently drawn, seems prepared for a comparable journey and rebirth. Meanwhile, the ship and the train are self-evidently achieved; see them while they're "in the clear." (De Nagy, March 26-April 20.)—V.Y.

Carmen Cicero: Cicero has developed a powerful and easily identifiable imagery: one large splotch shape, animal in character, is defined, like a negative, by a surrounding solid-color area. The shape is not entirely without color, however, apart from the canvas off-white, for it is usually smudged and tinted, or toned by a few drops of color, concentrated in the background, widely disseminated in the shape. There is a third element moreover. Controlled by the shape, but occasionally overstepping its boundaries, Cicero draws with a very articulate brush, and his linear graphology characterizes and energizes the so-called "negative space" of the shape. In *Flight on White*, the tension between the gray-white ground and the shape with its probing curves and angular extensions is relatively low: the whole is dominated by a pure flow of linear energy with swooping curves dramatically pulled to the right. *Cat*, by contrast, is dominated by the tension created as the shiny black of the outside area closes in—claustrophobically—on the diagrammatically awkward shape. The

shape is not overpowered, however, for the "cat" is an action-image with its raised ear points accented by lines, and the four rectangular space-block legs so irregular in length that the shape is eternally caught in lopsided motion. In *Courtship*, the shape in itself is a fascinating conglomerate image—it might be a crab with raised metallic fin-shields, or a shark with a parrot perched on its tail. But whatever the character of the shape, it seems almost iridescent in memory with its pale blues and grays glazing a space which is infinitely more real than the dark mixture which mats it. In some of Cicero's work, the balance between the three elements is not so perfectly sustained—the line makes the shape too active or in some cases too grotesque, as in *The Lesson* with a crouching shape ready to spring which might be a cross between a man, or ape, and a kangaroo; or the line instead of energizing the space seems to fight with it as in *Bird of Prey*. And in several smaller works, the shape is too large for the area surrounding it, thus destroying the tension of "positive and negative" upon which so much of the excitement of this work depends. (Peridot, April 29-May 25.)—E.P.

Dorothy Dehner: This is work of fine variety and craftsmanship, a series of sculptures, generally small, in bronze and silver. The predominant themes are the city, the human figure and sprouting plant forms. *Warrior Returned* (bronze), one of her best statements, is a fusion of mechanical and spiky growing shapes wonderfully composed and varied in their relationships. *Jericho* (bronze) is a complex of interlocking, bucklelike parts thrusting upward into a bristling, precariously tilted structure. Her most charming sculpture perhaps is *Little Forest*, a diminutive collection of bronze plants, each standing primly in the consciousness of its own integrity. An equally notable piece is the bronze *Mechanical Sir*, cast in the lost-wax process, a vertical assemblage of neat, mechanical cantilevered parts. The exhibition also includes a look at the artist's watercolors, a treatment in different means of the basic forms that have inspired her sculpture. (Willard, May 7-31.)—J.R.M.

Modern Art from Brancusi to Giacometti: This is a generally admirable selection with a number of first-rate pieces, the Brancusi *Torso of a Young Man* (1925) and the Mondrian *White and Red* (1936) among them. There is a superb Gleizes, *Bridges of Paris* (1912), wonderfully constructed with subtle modulations in smoky grays and browns, and the Braque *Still Life with*

Drinking Glass (1910-11), with essentially the same palette, is no less impressive as an example of the Cubist achievement during that period. The major disappointment is the Metzinger *Madame S* (1913), a multiple-view portrait of a woman in greens and browns, which seems a little too hard and programmatic. But that is a small affair in the context of a number of fine Picassos, Braques and Giacometti. The survey includes, as well, works by Léger, Klee, Herbin, Arp and Miró. (Janis, April 22-May 11.)—J.R.M.

Carlyle Brown: This American painter's solemnly Surrealist tone has been the effect of objects painted so exactly that they are transfixed in the timeless atmosphere of a still interior. Living at present in Sicily, he poses his objects against the bleak landscape. The lower edge of the canvas often becomes the table surface; the brown bottles, ochre jars, white eggs and russet bouquets are gazed at straight on. Behind them, in *Still Life with Landscape and Bouquet*, rises a rocky white city, which disappears into the surrounding gray. Brown's method of transfixion applies now as surely to the landscape as it has to the objects, and the combination of the two heightens, by its extension, his characteristically strange sense of an isolated, unanointed, soundless world. As always, the paintings have a distinguished paint quality, a beautifully mellow surface that enforces their sense of deliberated experience. (Viviano, April 22-May 11.)—A.V.

Masterworks of Ancient Peru: This selection of textiles and pottery dated from the fourth to the fourteenth century demonstrates the remarkable achievement of an agricultural people inhabiting the coastal valleys of Peru in the days before the Incas. These people were skillful textileists and wove their brightly dyed yarn into intricately designed patterns which incorporate small birds, fish, animals, and human figures, with a particular emphasis on the extremities—all semi-geometric in outline. As they repeated a motif they varied the color, building up elaborate systems of inventive and subtle changes from figure to figure.

The pottery of these people is not especially distinguished from the point of view of modeling; what attracts our attention is the painting which decorates the unglazed exterior. The liveliness of imagination which gave rise to the spirited images, the invention and wit to be seen in many of them, particularly in the foxes and cats which constantly recur, and the skill in painting and the intricacy of the design give this work a unique place in the field of primitive



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art. The Nazca were an aggressive, warlike people, and the flayed skins of their enemies appear in decorative bands encircling their bowls; they also were fond of heads, and some of the jugs are in the form of trophy heads which have been pierced in ceremonial killings. They also depict their fierce warriors and peaceful fishermen on their jugs, their demons and gods and motifs related to both, and that favorite motif of the humming bird—all in highly original treatments. The exhibition is handsomely presented to show the objects to best advantage, and it performs a valuable service in unfolding to the public yet another aspect of the ever-amazing art which we call primitive. (Delacorte, March 25-May 11.)—M.S.

Jean Xerom: These new paintings by Xerom have adopted a warmer tone, a kind of spontaneity, that issues out of and yet differs from the cool purity of his earlier work. In general, the larger paintings in the exhibition are the better, more sustained works: No. 7 with its beautiful, cloudlike modulations of blues and purples, its glowing accents of yellow and fresh green; or No. 9 with its black constructions, its passages of soft fog-grays. The most exciting work is the tall vertical composition, No. 8, with its juxtaposition of rounded and straight-line motifs, its phases of blue purple and magenta that appear to be woven out of the fabric of the soft gray ground. There are a number of smaller paintings, all of them with the same mastery in their modulations of color, but they seem at times too dense in their structure, too confining, perhaps, when compared with the larger works. And the painting No. 8, with its lightness, its airiness, its delicate balances, in the context of the exhibition, seems an ultimate refinement of the themes with which the other paintings are concerned. (Rose Fried, April 16-May 11.)—J.R.M.

Lynn Chadwick: Although Lynn Chadwick's trapezoidal sculptures present blank and impulsive facades to the observer, they have a strangely commanding presence which dominates the space they occupy. He uses a metal armature and fills it in with a cementlike substance which leaves the ribs of the armature visible, so that the surfaces are faceted by these subdivisions. The granular textures are minutely worked, and their eroded appearance, together with the subdued and subtle coloring (like the fadings and stainings of time), gives the sculptures the air of relics from an antique past rather than the latest creations of a prominent contemporary sculptor. (Is it simply a desire to avoid the glossy finish of machine-made objects that compels so many contemporary sculptors to create a timeworn appearance like the artificial aging of fake antiques, or are there other reasons?) Chadwick's shrouded figures on slender pronged legs come most often in pairs with odd contiguities. They confront each other with emphatic gesticulation, as in *Teddyboy and Girl III*, or with enigmatic solemnity, as in *Encounter V*—as people whose exterior confrontation gives rise to no communication between their inner selves. There are also single figures like the bat-winged *Stranger*—all the figures have short antennae in place of heads—and several beasts and birds. The latter have the aggressively thrusting, screeching heads of birds of prey; their streamlined forms and angular wingspread give them an equivalence with the jet-propelled birds of prey of modern warfare. (Saidenberg, April 8-May 6.)—M.S.

Dorothy Sturm: Since the Cubists first affixed newspaper cutouts to their paintings and revolutionized the concept of materials fit for art, the use of novel and unexpected components has become so widespread that today anything goes without stirring the slightest protest. When the Italian Burri began to make "paintings" by stitching together scraps of burlap, his work could be read as nihilistic gesture; but when Dorothy Sturm makes huge patchworks of materials on burlap (I believe "sewages" was the work James Johnson Sweeney coined for Burri), her guiding impulse appears to be a purely decorative one. Her works are very large and consist of patches of fabric, a bit of crumpled chiffon,

a torn bath towel, a piece of quilted stuff, a square of satin, stitched onto rough burlap grounds in bold, handsome arrangements (not to quibble, but surgeon Burri's needlework is the finer). The saving grace here is color; she dyes her materials when the right color cannot be found to suit the very lovely color scheme, one of which is yellow-dominated in delicate varied shades, another of soft pinks and pale browns with gold and white, and one in varying degrees of white against brown. The singed or tattered edge, the stiffened ridges of fabric, the worn and faded scrap, the carefully plotted overlapping are all used to advantage, but the end product lacks both the excitement of a novelty and the means to hold the attention for very long. (Parsons, April 22-May 11.)—M.S.

William Gropper: The recent lithographs maintain the satiric substance of Gropper's oeuvre, extending it, in such fantasies as *Nuclear Gods*, *Heroics*, *Fear*, *Lust*, from the precisely social to the abstractly universal domain. This is infrequently a commendable expansion, not because his vision of a diabolical and self-distorting world isn't valid, but because the illustrative temper in our time has been challenged, by mass media, radically to sublimate its indulgences: phantom horses, gorgons and vampires have a diminishing power of fright. A beetle-browed face in the ominous sky, labeled *Fate*, is one of his best in this group. *Piece Work*, of the previous social mainstream, is a tellingly disposed composition. But *Diogenes*, for prophetic, simple power and masterful draftsmanship, transcends anything in the show. The paintings are most effective where they embody Gropper's caricaturist skill (*Bathers* and *Chorines*), but *Bouquet* and *Quartet* convey a deeper and more studious attempt at co-ordinating characterization with a plastic whole. Save for the indecisive role of the figure at the bottom, *Quartet* is an organically spirited painting, a bronze-and-verdigris, black-and-white concert of involved faces, hands and instruments. (A.C.A., April 22-May 11.)—V.Y.

John Grillo: Many of Grillo's works, especially the smaller ones, look like battlegrounds of the Abstract-Expressionist vocabulary. One finds the vehement slash, the delicate dribble, the spreading color patch juxtaposed in an order which implies, but never states, a concealed rectilinear pattern. At times, as in *Saint George and the Dragon*, this Hofmannesque language looks tentative, but there are superb exceptions which elucidate a gifted and incisive personality. In *Nocturnal Images*, a more cohesive viewpoint is already evident in the emphatic contrasts of values and the exciting centrifugal design which unexpectedly scatters the major pictorial accents to four corners. But even finer are *Metamorphosis* and *Celestial Stairway*. The latter in particular poses no doubts in its feeling of final rightness. Its sensuous impact is immediate and compelling—a luminous veil of pale yellows, whites, apple greens activated by forcefully and succinctly brushed hooks and arcs—and its subtleties of depth, in which filmy layers are suddenly punctuated by underlying or overlying paint areas, sustain as well a closer scrutiny. Grillo is an artist to be watched. (Bertha Schaefer, April 15-May 4.)—R.R.

Nejad: The Turkish invasion—or, with greater propriety, infusion—of Abstract Expressionism is represented lusciously in the bizarre versions of Nehemed D. Nejad which, with some inevitability, perhaps, owe much of their effulgent "tachism" to the self-radiant domes and the nonfigurative mosaic tradition of Islam. Only one of these (*When I Was a Child...*), its aureous tree shooting skyward, employs an "appearance" or implies a foreign influence beyond the current abstract mode (though *Hommage à Tiepolo* is a radiant parody of Baroque space, painted without space—i.e., without volume in space). The others, with occasional ventures of cool-toned overlays, have the dense, constituent glow of the Magian world, restless yet fixed, like iridescent solar systems, scattered with seeming whim but actual coherence. Most spectacular of these is *The Firebird*, a multicolor fracas of

broken forms magnetized, like filings, by an incomplete ultramarine circle, spinning—if the figure is acceptable—in a darkly chaotic void. (Zodiac, March 21-April 7.)—V.Y.

Castelli Group: The excitement of this group show is unusual, for most of the artists in this new gallery are barely known and, judging from this preview, beg for fuller attention. Take Jasper Johns' work, which is easily described as an accurate painted replica of the American flag but which is as hard to explain in its unsettling power as the reasonable illogicalities of a Duchamp ready-made. Is it blasphemous or respectful, simple-minded or recondite? One suspects here a vital neo-Dada spirit. Or consider David Budd's *Manflow*, whose shrill, explosive tangle of blood-red on white seems to have coagulated on the canvas and whose ferocity and impulsiveness put Mathieu to shame. Nor are the other works less arresting. There is Angelo Savelli's relief of rusty screws, bolts, wires on painted wood, the whole offering a poignant tension between its coarse materials and refined result. And the same might be said of Rauschenberg's *Gloria Vanderbilt* collage, which is alternately rough-edged and elegant, hilariously funny and grimly sordid. Marisol's sculpture offers cruder paradoxes—a family group ruggedly carved in wood, whose frontal, Pre-Columbian austerity is countered by the mobile, four-wheeled cart on which its rests. Or for an equally enigmatic object, consider George Ortman's Surrealist peep show of circumscribed geometries. In this disquieting context, the remaining paintings almost look tradition-bound. There is Alfred Leslie's stunning *Hoboken Final*, teeming with energy and succulent in its paint handling; Norman Bluhm's expanse of nocturnal blues and greens, a swamp of lush density; Friedel Dzubas' volcanic black eruption; and the Washington painter Morris Louis' almost Near Eastern luxuriance of decoratively splattered paint. All in all, this augurs a challenging season. (Castelli, May 6-25.)—R.R.

Marino Marini: "Give a man a horse he can ride." For Marini it's a hobbyhorse. With oil on paper, tempera, gouache, pen and watercolor, lithograph, his successive versions of "Horse and Rider" (the rider always more negligible, resourcefully indulged, are very near to chic: evoked as a white-paper outline by scratching through dark paint, organized as a collocation of geometric figures, given an effective shadowy character with watercolor (brown horse, blue standing man, gray rider, e.g.). Most subtle of the abstract treatments are *Pink Horse and Rider* (delicate infringements of fuchsia and red on yellow, 1953) and *Chocolate Horse* (oil, 1955), open-formed, like a woodcut, with red and black. The large, stockily monumental bronze in the window should fitly summarize this motif for some time; certainly it vindicates, while confounding, the manic variations on paper: from any angle, it presents heft and stubborn tension, stability and threatening dynamics. The roughly cruciform rider, straddled in a rigorous transverse position, with short anguished arms outflung, provides counterthrust to the cylindrical torso; seen from the front and from one side his adhering stump leg contributes volume and tensility to the long backward pull of the horse's columnar neck. It's a sculptural classic—not of elegance but of neo-primitivism. (The Contemporaries, April 1-20.)—V.Y.

Paul-Emile Borduas: The first Canadian Abstract Expressionist to attract international attention, Borduas brings to the field a personal sense of what to an actor would be *timing*. Spacing is probably an inadequate term, but on canvas this is a primary result of his melodic intuition. "The free-form element—jigsaw, trapezoid, torn feather—will go just there, precisely, or over here, *sfumato*," he seems to have said. In his black-within-(not *on*)-white canvases, this subtle geometry is most apparent, and their otherwise spatial frigidity is mitigated by delicate freakings of the open areas and by a crimping of the paint around the jet islands. *Froufrou aigu* and *Sous le vent de l'ile* are the most sensitive and protean of his polychromes. Though linked with

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IN THE GALLERIES

our "action painters" in some respects, his individual temper is insouciant rather than *furoso*. (Martha Jackson, March 15-April 30.)—V.Y.

Lewis Sterne: To succeed through simplicity, great art is necessary. And a canvas as vacant as a dusty window washed with rain needs more than delicate variations of emptiness to recommend it. Sterne's key is more often black and brown than a light white-gray; his simplicity depends more often on the deliberate variation of texture by the addition of collage elements than on the shaggy edges of watery tints. But the principle remains the same; blacks are not necessarily more interesting because they saturate pieces of burlap, corrugated paper, strips of tape or the rough surface of a sandpaper square. It is the ends and not the means that must affect one as deliberate. Abandoning collage as natural phenomena on his canvases, Sterne uses shadowy shapes, sometimes quite effectively. *Stonehenge*, for example, with a dark, dull green saturating its roughweave surface and three hulking shadows, two blacker, one grayer-green, has power. And of the two canvases entitled *Related Arcs*, the one in red is quite moving: the two arcs create a spatial tension in which the bottom one might be the edge of a planet earth, the top one the edge of a distant moon: two arcs shadowy in a red glow. (Parma, May 2-21.)—E.P.

John Bageris: Icarus and Phoenix, avian symbols of death by presumption and rebirth from destruction, are insistently present in these paintings, which show much ardor, some uncertainty and a sincere quest for equivalents of the artist's ideas. Beside a single bird, usually bone-white or fiery, threshing his skeletal way through a burnished void, human skeletons, solitary or paired (embracing, in two instances) constitute the rival obsession. The most substantially painted is an impacted gleaming mesa of bones overarched by cavernous wings, suggesting numerous interpretations, depending on the sight line from which you view it. (The derivation was from Lorca's poetry.) A smaller painting of centaurs has the freest design: one smaller still, a frontal-view cityscape, its quietude utterly removed from the prevailing subject, is the most lustrous surprise. It has no exact Mediterranean or Aegean model but is frankly a pell-mell contrivance, one of those alluring cities of the mind. (Roko, April 29-May 3.)—V.Y.

Collectors' Group: Two painters and three sculptors who usually show at the March Gallery exhibit here: Boris Lurie and William Gambini are the painters, Rocco Armento, George Sugarman and Abram Schlemowitz the sculptors. Lurie's works are really prints made by drawing on the back of a paint-covered canvas that is pressed against the fresh canvas. Using both thick and thin paints, he gets a variety of line, and in applying colors simultaneously or in separate printings, a variety of tonal effects. When images do appear—a figure of a young girl, a dancing group—they seem rehearsed, as indeed they must be in such a method. The alternative is accident, and its possibilities are, in this case, equally attractive. Rocco Armento's plaster torsos recall Medardo Rosso in their impressionistic treatment of fragmented human bodies. But that recollection stops at the surface; these forms are essentially gratuitous, the working of the plaster often slovenly. George Sugarman's abstract wood carvings use convoluted forms against expansive placid areas. His *Many Harbors, Many Reefs*, in rich-colored wood, is especially fine. Abram Schlemowitz's abstract metal sculptures, lumpy gold-brazed, combine folded sheets of metal with spiky protuberances. He also shows an amusing found-object piece, *Don Quixote*. William Gambini's paintings are dark shades of Monet, in whom so many have lately found so much to misuse. (Collectors' Gallery, April 15-May 1.)—A.V.

Gabriel Dauchot: In his first New York show, this young Frenchman demonstrates his native tradition of elegance and craftsmanship. Taking cues from Dufy and Soutine, he produces a vivid style eminently palatable for drawing-room consumption. In the portraits, a vertical series of



René Magritte, READY-MADE BOUQUET; at John Gallery.

lean butlers, clowns, waiters combine a moderate Fauve palette and brush stroke with a stage psychological repertoire of melancholy, nervousness or urbanity. More arresting, in terms of the circumscribed chic of Dauchot's art, are *Dancing* and *Winter Landscape*, both of which offer a greater spatial complexity in their unexpected voids and witty tensions between foreground and background figures. (Juster, April 10-30.)—R.R.

René Magritte: Two lovers, human from the waist down, fish-form above, sit sadly embracing on a rock while a ship passes. Shock number one, that the creatures are half fish, is quickly assimilated. They are also *petrified* creatures and the passing ship is a square-rigged sailing vessel . . . To classify Magritte simply as "Surrealist" is to relegate him, which is easier than to evaluate him as a painter or to wait for the laugh—the last one. Surrealism: "illogical placement of logical objects." Or vice versa? A crescent moon (there's no such thing, *in reality*) shines from the foliage of a tree (real enough); an enormous green apple fits tightly into a pink room, and through the window a distant factory is visible. *Trompe-l'oeil* and the esthetic of the absurd? Also poignancy: beyond the obvious optical joke (common property in the Dada period) is the organic-inorganic antithesis; behind that looms a complex metaphysical jest, and the question of irony as contingent upon the historical sense. Call Magritte literary, yet it's the painted texture, precisely, that substantiates his effect; he too rediscovers matter. Or call him photographic. This begs the question, technically and otherwise. The monolith rising before a desolation of sea and clouds is not an uncommon subject. Wherein lies the terror of Magritte's treatment, experienced even before you know the title (*Les Origines de langage?*)? Note the modulation of light procured by green flecks on the frontal rock surface. Painted as if photographed is part of the horror, and in the clear light of his Flemish, one mustn't forget, tradition: the veracity of the habitual, the customary view, the familiar objects—but something has been added (like four centuries). Is the verisimilitude of this picture any less hair-raising than his metamorphoses—the granite lightning, the arid mountain (or wave) with an eagle's head, towering ominously over a green landscape (or fire)? Here he plays the dangerous game of romantic pessimism more broadly. But we can do him the honor of recognizing its poetic correlative; it lies closer to Robinson Jeffers than to Dali. (Iolas, March 25-April 13.)—V.Y.

Artists Anonymous: This quarterly group show at the Adam-Ahab Gallery—named Adam, for Adam and Eve, and Ahab after Melville (or

we were told—is featuring the work of several newcomers. Sonya Holzwirth has a nice feeling for space, breaking it up boldly. One abstraction, a still life, is mostly space areas, expansively colored in a light palette running to yellow, orange and tan. Her portraits too, though they are sketchily brushed, are boldly spaced and colored—one girl with a white face and a yellow jumper against a dark gray ground; another a figure, seated and turned, leaning away, with a fall of black hair hiding our view of her face. Elizabeth Bintz's work is less ambitious: her colors are prettier and her landscape images more decorative in their naivete. Some of her work is very gay with the colors brightly grounded; others—still lifes—have a more lyrical flow with softer shapes and coloring. Rosalie Vogel is trying abstraction, mixing colors on a thick paint surface with an intensity that is occasionally quite striking. And R. Spector's work is sometimes luminous over a linear design abstracted from buildings or what might be a double-decker cabin cruiser passing in the night. The proprietor of this gallery for talented primitives mounts six color mixes on a bright yellow sheet—Brahms Variations, he assured me someone called them. Among works by more regular exhibitors, Hedi Fuchs's darkly dramatic figure studies and a large green flat-footed monk by "D" stand out. (Adam-Ahab, April 4-May 10.)—E.P.

Noel Davis: Noel Davis has recently made a trip around the country painting the members and activities of fraternal organizations such as the Brotherhood of Elks, Knights of Columbus, etc., which have provided him with a variety of subject matter, including picnics, parades, fairs, old people's homes, all with their particular regional flavor. He has done more than report on this aspect of the American scene, however: he has made paintings rather than factual accounts. Not that he isn't a stickler for detail, but he is selective, knowing when to concentrate his focus, when to omit the irrelevant and how to compose the subject at hand into significant arrangements. He seems to prefer vast spaces, thinly populated so that the emphasis is on the solitary isolation of the figures; but since the theme is fraternal he must also deal with large gatherings, boisterous celebrations and thronging processions which are part of the folkways which he examines. Davis is a young painter of extraordinary ability; his handling of his media—oils, watercolor, pen and ink—is flawless, as is his drawing, at its best in the close-up studies of faces which he renders with a Flemish perfection. There is lacking only that urgency of something important to say which would give his canvases the authority and vitality which are wanting. (Salpeter, May 13-31.)—M.S.

Samson Schames: "Sensitive" is a devalued adjective which is nonetheless indispensable to describe fairly the personal treatment which enhances the still lifes and landscapes of Schames. Over many of his subjects there hovers an impression of sadness, as if the mountains, boats and flowers were vanishing into an irredeemable twilight. A sequence of dying sunflowers is painted with variations of tonality in the mixed media which inform precision with pathos. In the best of them, *Withered Sunflowers*, the blanched pot seems to be withdrawing into its background substance, the flowers in the pot resemble a maimed creature, and one spilled, shriveled blossom burns fitfully like dying eyesight. *Table and Flowers* defines the taste with which he graces the appearance of mass and breadth with modulated light and skill of brush: the table, solid as a butcher's block, does not dominate the rose-and-silver frame behind the blue-tipped flowers, nor the translucent jar which secures their quilled form. (Este, May 1-16.)—V.Y.

Grandma Moses: The Musée de l'Art Moderne owns two American paintings, a Marin and a Moses. And Europe has, for the past two years, been able to see a more extensive display of Mrs. Moses' work in the exhibition that is shown here before its dispersal. The show toured eight European cities; in Great Britain it was sponsored by the Arts Council. It was happily re-

ceived, of course, as Grandma Moses' work always has been. (One imagines that anyone displaying a "genuine lack of sophistication"—this quote from a European review—would at this juncture be a welcome visitor on either side of the Atlantic.) Once again we can see those comfortable views of upstate New York landscapes, sparsely white and gray in winter, tenderly green and blooming in summer; again we can marvel at the combination of delicate trees and childlike figures, at the completeness, the essential wholesomeness possible to the simple view. And, if so inclined, one can also wonder where are the darker visions, the uncomfortable intimations, the implications of another world that are often the gift of the primitive? Grandma Moses gives us a rainbow, a sign of good fortune. (Galerie St. Etienne, May 6-June 4.)—A.V.

New Aspects of Space: A catch-all but provocative title given to a showing of a gallery's regular group tends to invite a discussion of its implications rather than a descriptive run-down of the paintings included. There was a time when in order to have space it was necessary to have an object. Today, science and Jackson Pollock have made space itself an object; the continuum out of which all objects flow has become the only valid subject for many contemporary painters, including a preponderance of those represented in the current exhibition. For them the drama of human beings, the structure of landscape, the qualities and relationships of objects have all been absorbed into the drama of clashing energies in an often structureless space. For some the energy or action of the artist laying on his paint becomes directly equivalent to this explosion of energy in space; such are the muscular paintings of Alfred Leslie and Norman Carton. Others, less temperamentally suited to the rawness of pure action, act within an imposed schema based on continuous repetition rather than the crescendo, as in the work of Sam Francis and Norman Bluhm. Seymour Boardman and Lawrence Calcagno attempt to reveal the nature of space through more structural concepts, Boardman through exploring the tenuous relations between solid and void, Calcagno through his horizontally banded canvases which might relate to the different states of matter. Of the other artists represented, Jenkins is largely preoccupied with the manipulations of paint to achieve unusual textural effects, Hultberg repeats his standard formula which is nonetheless a clever one, Appel plasters his paint on so thickly that his initial images are virtually lost, without recompense, and Paul Jones, adhering more closely to visual nature, animates his landscapes through motion and emphatic application of the paint, without losing the essential solidity. (Jackson, April 9-May 4.)—M.S.

M. Padua: Not all of M. Padua's works were available for review—none of the "brilliant nudes" described in the catalogue, nor the portrait of the cabaret singer Wottawa, "who became world-famous with her song 'Oh Mein Papa' from the musical *Fireworks*." The portrait of the French politician André François Poncet shows Padua adept at combining bravura painting of head and hands (on one hand gleams a white-high-lighted gold ring, dashing 3-D) with a quick-sketched, dry-brushed line on thinly washed canvas. In *Gladiolas* and *Azaleas* the artist is no less competent, but in a different mode: rich reds and blues, oranges and greens describe heavy flowers in solid vases, surrounded by books or fruit in dark outline. Out of doors, as in *Gondoliers* and *In Venice*, the quick strokes and light palette of Impressionism are displayed. In all of the paintings seen, a ready-made attitude toward forms and a confident technique combine to offer a pleasing sense of heartiness. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, April 23-May 21.)—A.V.

Michael Frary: Boldly designed, Frary's work shows a patterned realism modified by emphatically decorative elements. *Red House on the Beach* has a regular geometry of windows, rectangular sides and triangular gables, scarcely moderated by an underpinning of sand broken to the right by a tarlike rim which introduces a stretch of water. A seascape has water like red



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lava, white sails and a chunky foreground; a snowscape, sculptured drifts topped with decorative black grasses. A profiled still life shows the narrow top drawers of an oak desk topped by a series of ten or twelve items ranging from two shiny eggs—are they real?—to a nuggety glass vase, and a piece of pottery as carefully textured in green and black as the skin on a leopard. Less *real*, more colorful and more fanciful are two paintings—one like the interior of a circus tent with twisted strips of some light metal; the other a crenelated line with a tower above, ducts below, and still further below a diamond-patterned courtyard with several large balls. This Texan's skill in patterning colors or in decorating shapes with painted textures is considerable. One wishes he would apply it less often to an overobvious realism. (Petite, May 6-18.)—E.P.

Ernesto Treccani: Although Treccani is lodged in the category of "New Italian Realism" it is evident that he has arrived at this point via a circuitous route and that he knows as much about Cézanne and Picasso as he does about Giotto. *Nude in the Studio* (1946) gives us a clue to his earlier influences; the color is pure Matisse, there is an insert of a Cubist still life that is straight out of Picasso and the nude is a composite of both. But this work was done immediately after the war when a new generation of artists felt the sudden impact of French art, and he has long since turned to sober painting of the land and the people who work the land, invigorating his realism with the lessons of abstract art. The emphasis is on big, rugged forms; modeling is done through planes; the brushing is free and direct, and he adheres to no rules of perspective and proportion. His *On the Earth* recalls in its huddled group of peasants and donkeys Courbet's *Road Menders* or Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters*, except that Van Gogh with his intense love of humanity could not have left his faces so empty of features and expression. It is a striking painting in the compositional devices through which the group is unified, in the strong light-dark contrasts and the intractability which the figures convey. In *Vintage Time*, a painting of a girl harvesting grapes, there are particularly beautiful areas of painting, both in the angular face and in the pink-hued skirt with faint touches of ochers and violets. Although all the paintings do not measure up to those mentioned, Treccani eloquently demonstrates that the return to realism need not be a retrogression. (Heller, April 9-27.)—M.S.

Stuart J. Davis: Although this is the sculptor's first one-man show, it gives evidence of an honest and sensitive new talent. The variety of the work, both in its materials and its styles, is indicative of an artist working toward a distinctive personal means of expression, but each of the pieces is characterized by a strict kind of integrity. *The Cat*, in various metals, has a tall, slender elegance of its own, and the stylized male torso in plaster. *The Forest of Dead Sons: A Tree* is notable for its sleek grace. The most successful piece is the female torso, *Zoe*, in dribbled lead, with its generous and ample curves, its surface variety and general lightness successfully contradicting what is usually a dull and heavy material. What one feels is the lack of in the exhibition, perhaps, is a complexity of ideas that would inform the work without directing or dominating it. One has the feeling that the work here has taken only a single aspect of the subject and developed the sculpture from that. In each case, however, it has developed that aspect with a kind of spare intensity and purposefulness that seem promising for the future. That complexity which one would like to feel as operative behind the work is, of course, the gradual reward of years of work. Davis apparently has the tenacity necessary to achieve it. (Contemporary Arts, May 13-31.)—J.R.M.

Coignard: Imported from France, these small oils are extremely Parisian. Only the French can distort with such classical calm and bewitch us with the solidity of an image. *Homme à la coupe* has a head as solid as stone with a beard that overlaps what might be a floating bib—the bowl, cleverly masked and massed with liquid and

fruit. Picasso has inflamed the jutting profile in *Les Violonistes*; while Cubism is responsible for the solid arrangement of the four planes—two heads, two instruments—though not for the dark purples and the decorative richness. Nor has Coignard neglected the female whose armor is age, paint, hairdo and gall, sharpening the shape of the face, flattening the features, and matting her decorative armor into a decorative setting. Coignard's work is extremely professional. His fancy is heavily masculine—even in his still lifes, some with vases and bowls as solid as heads on tiny decorative feet, and all remarkably rich in linear, textural and plastic detail. (Collectors', April 29-May 19.)—E.P.

American Watercolor Society: This year's annual, the Society's ninetieth, is an impressively large affair with some 245 works by members and non-members, and a special exhibition of work by modern Japanese painters. The majority of the work is very decidedly traditional in its styles, and its technical competence is nowhere in question. For this viewer there was fine and interesting work by Edmond Casarella, whose *Approach to Mistra* is a clean, perfectly carried out abstraction in browns, whites and clear blues, and Gertrude Schweitzer, whose *Seated Figure among Hibiscus*, though a bit too thin, possessed its own kind of delicacy and softness. Edith Geiger's *At Dusk*, which won the Ida Wells Stroud Women's Award, was a finely modulated abstraction in muted grays, whites and yellows. Among other notable works were paintings by Liz Dauber, Harry Mathes, Edward Betts and Norman Kent. The Japanese selection, a decidedly worth-while innovation on the Society's part, was especially engaging for the variety of its statements. The styles ranged from the traditional delicacy of Kosugi's *New Willow* to the calligraphic abstraction of Ueda's *Peace*. A number of the artists (Masaki Yamaguchi, Fukada and Sugimura, for example) one would like to see in more extensive exhibitions. (National Academy of Design, April 4-21.)—J.R.M.

Joseph Stefanelli: Stefanelli maintains a singularly high pitch of intensity throughout this exhibition. His blunt, crude, blocklike forms are generally structured or interlaced with blacks that strengthen the already forceful color, the beautiful sensuous pink, the hot reds and oranges of *Epicure's Departure* or the blistering yellows and siennas of *Late July*. But even in such paintings as *The Sojourn* with its grays and ochers, in brilliant orange-reds, where there is a less emphatic use of black structuring and the linear effect is built up out of the placement of one vigorously brushed-in area of color next to another, there is no sign of relapse, the burst of color maintains its tropical intensity. (Poindexter, April 22-May 7.)—J.R.M.

Walter Kamys: Clinging to the particularities of a landscape vision, Kamys generally blots out his pictures in terms of a high, unpeopled terrain with a thin margin of sky above. To enliven these simple premises, he tends to break up rock and earth into a flurry of confettile patches which follow the irregular contours of the land. Within this framework, however, he vacillates between the atmospheric looseness and mist of *Berkshire Landscape, Summer*, in which earth and sky are almost indistinguishable, and the firmer contrast of *Indian Hills*, in which coppery patches of sun-baked rock act as a foil to the monotone sky above. At his best, he deviates from this facile formula, as in *Mesabi Range*, which happily provides a more complex arrangement of horizontal tiers and a greater coloristic variety of blacks and blues played off against the hot brilliance of solar hues. (Bertha Schaefer, May 6-25.)—R.R.

William Ronald: A winner of the Guggenheim prize for Canada, Ronald exhibits here for the first time. The strength of his abstractions in oil lies primarily in his sense of color, in *St. Paulia*, where a dense black is cut open by rich reddish purples, whites and intense lilac-blues or in *Requiem*, with its liturgical purple and black shapes centered in an expanse of gray-white. The forms themselves, however, lack a

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similar authoritativeness, and the general feeling of his exhibition is one of looseness and chance effects. (Kootz, April 15-May 4.)—J.R.M.

Paul Georges: Georges's vision is wedded to specific images of landscape, still life or interiors, which he then enlivens by a thorough drenching in a coloristic haze of almost palpable density. In the medium-size canvases, especially the still lifes, these streaming, breathing veils of color become a florid mannerism, which is applied arbitrarily to vivify what would otherwise be rather indifferent arrangements. At extremes of size, however, Georges's point can become convincing. Consider the tiny landscapes, whose briskness and immediacy are completely engaging, or, above all, the enormous *Family at Easthampton*, where mother, father and child indulge in a monumental *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, and fascinating particularities of figure and landscape are merged with a vista of impressive amplitude and vibrancy. (De Nagy, April 23-May 11.)—R.R.

Adomas Galdikas: The ecclesiastical and musical background of this Lithuanian painter informs his abstract landscapes as a felt vibration. Excepting two, in the Maine and Mexico categories, resembling the blocked rough-face forms of Rouault, they are more often than not jungles of dendritic, intensely hued shapes imposed on a frame of faintly jeweled squares, irregular in size. At first a confusion to the eye, they steadily assume the individual thematic character claimed for them, with invasive overtones, as in an autumnal *17*, where the underwebbing and the softly floating bulbs and scrolls might well relate to clefs and instrumental fragments. This is a cooler, more formal, less characteristic painting than the rest; among the balance the reviewer was again diverted by the illusive handling of *Winter 8*, forms on the verge of definition seeming to retreat within a blinding envelope of snow. (Feigl, March 27-April 13.)—V.Y.

Charlotte Orndorff: In working on canvas, silk and rice paper in tempera, this artist recalls Chinese scroll paintings, with their dry surfaces and suddenly appearing linear detail against large areas of muted tone. The themes as well as the materials of Oriental art are used—in *Bush-baby*, a dark gray-line monkey face peers out of delicately drawn grasses in greens and grays; in *Surf* the swirling activity of the water is carefully delineated below a barely indicated sweep of sky. When the formal derivation is not so evident, the paintings are less attractive; in an unrewarded search for form the artist tends to obscure her most commendable ability, the effective handling of her chosen materials. (Wellons, April 1-13.)—A.V.

Moskin Group: This selection makes its appeal at more than one level of susceptibility to occult expressionism, offering, as polarities, the poet Michaux, a modest painter, whose inscrutable watercolors (note *L'Homme qui rit*) have genuine pathos, and Brauner, a very competent painter mistakenly bent on shock appeal with dislocations of a Grand Guignol order. Mystery by suggestion is the sum of Giacometti's *Man in Studio*, a carefully slapdash study in gray, as it is the substance of Congdon's *Plaza San Marco* (1950), painted with unearthly gold and silver (for the facade and sky) which have the consistency of lead, black for the radial buildings and an abrupt (somewhat too clever) accent in rust for the toppled tower. The Surreal border is also breached by a characteristic if not outstanding Matta, an explosive fragmentation by Paul Brach (*Condor*), an elegant spoof (*Mme Récamier*) by Magritte and a durably painted abstract wonder by the Chilean Zanartu, *Beachcomber*. (Moskin, March 25-April 20.)—V.Y.

Pre-Columbian Sculpture: There are a number of exciting pieces in this exhibition, a survey of Pre-Columbian cultures from Tlatilco to Maya. The handsome ceremonial bowl from Colima and the beautifully carved stone yoke (Totonic) are among the finest exhibits—particularly the yoke, with its sleek surfaces, its finely worked ornamentation. There are also several fine jades (Olmec and Guerrero), figures and faces, smoothly stylized and elegant. The Tarascan and Mayan clay figures, perhaps the most

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familiar examples of Pre-Columbian work, are notable for their quality of workmanship. It is, in fact, one of the distinct pleasures of the show that each piece should so obviously be the result of careful selection. (D'Arcy, April 1-30.)—J.R.M.

Tomioka Tessai: Japanese in his gift of reducing eclectic influences to a distinct style, yet in the calm massiveness of his conceptions, the relaxed freedom of his touch (with ink-stick and brush) and the philosophic symbolism to which he was gravely dedicated, Tessai, scholar-poet-artist (1836-1924) seems consummately Chinese. Never more so than when we glimpse, in these paintings on scrolls, of silk and paper, the manifold Far Eastern sources which separately have humbled us, time and again, into acknowledging that the Orient has always been where we are always going. Although this exhibition (circulated by the Smithsonian Institution) can be fully appreciated only upon acquaintance with its connotative references (Serious Viewer is urged to study the catalogue), its first challenge is to the whole gamut and spirit of what for years has been called a mode of Expressionism, represented by Nolde, Kirchner or Soutine. Allowing for differences in media and in function of color, you will find their styles repeatedly predicated in these vertical landscapes conceived elliptically, set in shallow space, modeled in discrete masses and convulsive black rivers of line, detailed by a staccato union of linear and wash elements, as well as in the intimate "Auspicious Plants" and "Water World" studies—to say nothing, when they deserve a critique to themselves, of the two fabulous Fuji screens (1898) . . . Note, especially, the free-form combination of perspectives in the "Red Cliff" sequence, the red and blue pagodas riding up (i.e. "back") through the encircling grayish of the landscape in *Ying-Chou*, and the abstraction, as formidably executed as it is limpidly titled, *Gazing at a Waterfall to Cleanse the Mind*, where the waterfall is what's left (white paper) after the forms have been prodigiously inked. (Metropolitan, April 4-May 5.)—V.Y.

Rhea Brown: The color and atmosphere of the tropics pervade the paintings of Rhea Brown, still life as well as landscape. Her drawings of the Haitian coast, of the tiered hills and palm-fringed shores, are executed in strong, dark lines, sometimes with underlying washes of color which glow like sunlight piercing the dense jungle, always boldly and handsomely designed. In her glazed tempers she paints brilliant-hued blossoms amid their lavish foliage and oranges against a ground that is bathed in yellow-orange light, and deep-pink sections of watermelon in still-life compositions. In her oils she views a blue sweep of valleys and mountains beyond a mosaic of brightly colored roofs, or the dense tropical growth, broad bending palm fronds and tree trunks in a stately dance, seen in dark silhouette against flashing lights of yellow and orange. (Bodley, April 29-May 11.)—M.S.

Arthur Schweider: To establish art exhibitions in a restaurant near Wall Street may be a serviceable idea, since art, cookery and purchasing power are not without interrelation. There's an indirect kind of appropriateness to Schweider as first choice, for his classic painting from the thirties depicted, in one of those mural-design anecdotes of the period, a bevy of stenographers wearing high heels, perched on exaggeratedly high stools, for a coffee break. Since then, Schweider has forsaken social realism for nature—Central Park, in most of these—which he paints with a palette resembling that of Derain in one phase, jungle-greens set against sharp blues—not for everyone's taste. Design is still Schweider's chief merit; he uses line as a uniting medium, screening shadowed rocks, grass or snow with an interplay of curvilinear branches, or leaves that resemble sails or, as in *Boating*, the scaffolding of a roller coaster, above the purple patches of water. (Churchill's, April 1-30.)—V.Y.

Three-Man Show: A collection of very competent work, primarily drawings and sculpture, includes Dorothy Cantor's stark interior views—the thrusting perspective of tiled subway stations or the sharp descent of open stairwells—the

drawing itself, in pencil, spare and incisive, and Robert Birmelin's dark, morbid animal studies—a grinning monkey, in the course of two etchings, swallowed up in darkness, or a charcoal study of a rigid hanging dog—each in its way insisting upon a human equivalent. The outstanding pieces, for this viewer, were the sculptures of Raymond Rocklin, somewhat suggestive of *art nouveau*, with leaflike and tendril forms closing into rounded buds or spiraling upward in graceful arabesques. *Night Blossom*, a small deep-brown, glazed terra cotta, its coiling vines, leaves, trumpet-shaped flowers writhing about an unseen dark core, is a singularly effective piece and a persuasive image of the dream. (Tanager, April 19-May 9.)—J.R.M.

Dorothy Hood: What distinguishes Miss Hood's craftsmanship in these semi-abstract drawings, quite as markedly as her decisive and supple line, is her control of proportioned space. The relationship of one graphic form to another or to the space it inhabits, as well as the calculated variants of texture and distinctness (sharply sinuous, finespun, reticulated, lacy or cellular), constitutes drama; her subjects are never just drawings on paper—they utilize and make active the surrounding space. The subjects themselves are often elusive and would more prevalently recall Beardsley if they were any less rigorously conceived. Their imagery is fantastic, yet severely composed. *Magnetized Presences*, on soft bluish paper, is her most extreme combination of fantasy and strict form. *Root-Bloom* is her most striking execution of parallel lines as mass, an undulant column of hair (if you will) with two wisps accentuating the space through which it ripples with the tense symmetry of grained wood. (Duveen-Graham, April 30-May 18.)—V.Y.

Marie Taylor: It is rare to find sculptures so small in actual size which have such dignity and strength of form as the monolithic stone carvings of Marie Taylor. To a certain extent the coloring and shape of the fieldstone she selects determine the form the sculpture will take, as in the instance of *Ancient Fish Form* in which only polishing and a few roundings and indentations seem to have been necessary to evolve a significant form already inherent in the shape of a stone from a Canadian beach. Perhaps it was also the shape of the dappled, whitish-gray stone which suggested the oval form of the *Old Sheep* with its long nose and folded limbs subtly defined, or the strangely speckled black stone may have inspired the curious outlines of the *Monster* which it becomes. The stones are lovingly worked, the simple forms slowly evolved in a natural process of releasing the form which the stone contains. Very different in character are her attenuated little figures cast in bronze, with surfaces modeled in the manner of Giacometti—a *Bird Charmer* with flying birds suspended on thin chains and a supple *Juggler*. (Parsons, April 22-May 11.)—M.S.

Jay Hall Connaway: This man has given close scrutiny to the sea and its coasts for over half a lifetime—he once lived alone for three years on a Maine island—with the result that his painting, doggedly naturalistic but undistinguished in its earlier phases, has developed a realist idiom which vies favorably with that of Frederick Waugh. *Sunset—Gale Winds* depicts a convincingly wind-walloped desolation, waves advancing like runaway horses, an informal slab of swarthy rock, a liverish sky, and a bleak foreground shore on which an almost prone tree screams for mercy. With less assistance from elemental crisis, two small pictures are rich in marine textures: *Monhegan*, an interwash of ochreous rock and green pools within the heaving combers, and *Maine Coast*, a vertical wave rising like a giant carbuncle in a frontal crevice of rock. *Reflections—Winter*, with vanishing snow hills behind the brick-and-gray house and bare, pale broomlike trees and an opaline sheet of water, brings Connaway even closer to the more subtle conquests of contemporary scenic realism. (Kennedy, March 16-30.)—V.Y.

Leon Sherker: Sherker is an eclectic who seems to prefer playing with surface design and odd-



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shaped frames to painting a seriously meditated conception. Many of his gouaches and some of the oils suggest facile adaptation of the Matisse odalisque manner; others display no more than his considerable virtuosity at combined perspective and the deployment of repeated shapes and surface textures (cf. *The Kiss*, *Intrigue* and *Southern Kitchen*). In two oil landscapes he reveals a more significant power; one may have reservations about the overstressed massivity of *Highland Mills*, N. Y., but *Roofs* is a scarcely qualifiable achievement. The harmonic weight and sternly blended structure make this a plastic achievement before which the superficial color and rhythm of his genre painting are reduced to the rank of clever commercial illustration. (Newton, March 18-April 2.)—V.Y.

Onievska, Raffel, Rodrigo: Clara Onievska displays her accomplishment in two media—sculptures in plaster, strongly modeled heads, including a bust of Ben Gurion; and needlework paintings in which she achieves a surprising fluidity considering the medium. Varying her stitches as one would vary brush strokes, she creates different textures, even different moods, in largish tapestries, one illustrating a Pushkin story, another a bucolic view of *Maidens Bathing in a Stream*. Gertrude Stein Raffel composes her flower pieces adequately, but her handling of paint is wooden and lifeless, and her chalky whites are monotonous and unvaried. Typical of Nelson Rodrigo's satin-smooth landscapes is one of a low, desolate plain beneath a turbulent sky, the whole dominated by a single towering tree, or one of equally uninviting terrain bathed in the glowing tones of a sunset. (Kottler, April 24-May 11.)—M.S.

Alex King: How far Through the Looking Glass can you get? King's theatrical (in the bad sense) fantasy is, with some exceptions, too derisive to be profound, too anecdotal to be artistically serious, too loaded with phthalein color to be appealing. (The blue-green *Rain Forest* is a happy contradiction of his usual palette.) His super-baroque designs (except in *Mozartiana* and the other *Rain Forest*) affront sensibility, and his musical-marine chimeras, if comical, are merely from the world of Dr. Seuss. *The Immigrants*, an incongruity less envisioned than observed, suggests interpretative wit which is being squandered for the easy bite of parody (cf. *Child Prodigy* and *Old Actress*, waspish conceptions overplayed). (Chase, May 6-18.)—V.Y.

Charles Kibell: Exploring a variety of textural means, the artist exhibits abstractions which range from the heavily built-up compositions in which glass fiber and sand are used to the smoothly surfaced oils which follow in the Jackson Pollock school. The majority of the work is tasteful both in its color and in its use of forms, but it is chiefly successful where it avoids the extremes. The vertical composition in broken shapes of red, yellow and black is among the best of these, with textural effects that are rich but unobtrusive. Other experiments, the painting in which a coil of rope is embedded, for example, are not successful at all. (Eggleston, May 6-27.)—J.R.M.

Mystical Show: The mysticism, in this exhibition, is generally and quite vulgarly exploited as an inept technique of back-lighting, metallic color, ghostly shimmer, foreign surface matter and evangelical subjects. Patricia Allen, with her rock-studded transparent plastic, is almost the worst offender, but she has strong competition from Edward Brydiger, whose lurid exhortations (*Table of Life* and *Mali de Profundis*) would be offensive at the lowest rung of astrology literature. William Wilson's *Vultures*, though its color masses need modulation, is the only item which qualifies, formally, as a painting. (Burr, March 24-April 6.)—V.Y.

Maccabi Greenfield: Those forms which haven't been submerged in a helter-skelter of color and brushwork are on the whole attractive. The juxtaposition of a pink and a light-green wall, in *Spanish Courtyard*, the green-tinted saffron sky and the serene partitioning of the painting as a whole comprise Greenfield's personal touch, also evinced in *Hamlet with Trees and Wharf*. (Artists, May 11-30.)—V.Y.



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Marianne Gold: Like Maillol with whom she studied, Marianne Gold is partial to smoothly flowing contours and idealized form. Her small terra-cotta nudes are generally tidily, symmetrically composed with little or no *contrapposto* to break the self-containment of the units. It is a harmonious perfection of form that she seeks rather than expressive force, although she allows herself the mannerism of shortened calves and diminished feet when it adds to the balance of a seated figure. There is a depersonalized aspect to the faces of her figures, the mothers cradling infants, the bronze dancer, even the portrait bust, indicating a determination to banish all taints of personality from her art. (Wildenstein, April 30-May 18.)—M.S.

Guillermo Silva: The Colombian artist's show, of too short duration here, is now on view in Washington, D. C. One trusts he will return to be exhibited in more available surroundings, for his is a talent compounded of wit and elegant craftsmanship. Having studied stained-glass technique in France, taught drawing in Bogota and been impressed by Peruvian Indian sculpture, he has synthesized these disciplines and discoveries in an abstract fantasia of color engravings and drawings of such high quality and various matter as to mock attempts at selecting the finest. Two small variations of *Red de pájaros* (i.e., "nets to catch birds"—used by the peasantry in Spain and elsewhere during the migration season), a subject he has also painted, are enchantingly re-visualized graphically; *City with Fog* is a suffusion of brown geometry with pale-gray poetry, and *Barcos* is a pure miniature line drawing of whimsical boats against a green marble-grain sky. His harmonic masterworks in oil are *Red de pájaros*, *Pescador* and *Rito lunar*, showing tremendous gains in audacity of conception and in pliability of texture and color over the previous paintings. They have a deep, internal cohesion. (New School, March 18-31.)—V.Y.

Luis Quintanilla: While not necessarily an innovator, Spanish-born Quintanilla is an accomplished painter of solidly constructed still lifes, landscapes and figure paintings. Although his surface treatment is monotonously uniform and all elements tend to be of equal weight without differentiation, he compensates for these drawbacks with an imaginative and poetic use of color, especially in *Woman of the Sea* with its rich plum color, violets and golden tones, and a daring compositional sense, at its best in the *Still Life with Grapefruit*. He has recently returned from Puerto Rico where he painted a portrait of Pablo Casals which will be included in the show. (Wildenstein, April 23-May 11.)—M.S.

Abidine: Abidine Dino (to give his full name) is a Turkish painter with a subject, one of the big, sad subjects of our time, man at war. The microcosm he has chosen to create—in a style de-Ottomanized by contact with the West (i.e., with Russia and Paris)—is a desert-plateau landscape which, on small canvases and large, he builds with shafts and planes of earth color, as ominous as the shadows of cannon, but rich in their contrasts of space and depth, of the horizontal and the vertical. If there were no figures included, these would remain nobly spacious abstractions of sun-wiped solitudes. But there are figures—never enough to do more than stain, or give scale to, the leafless, solar panorama—figures with rifles, and sometimes banners, indistinctly engaged in what appears to be a listless and unending retreat, or gathering for a skirmish with enemies never visible. They recall, except for their sunburned hues, those chilling scenes in the Russian films of Ermel and Trauberg, where single men on snowfields at night were focused in the moving beam of a train's headlight. (Cadan, May 9-30.)—V.Y.

Jean Varda: A tranquil Mediterranean world of sun-filled architectural landscapes and strolling women is the subject of these collages, but their pictorial language suffers from cloying refinements. Glittering fabrics, bits of suede and burlap are woven into color chords of phosphorescent lilacs, oranges and pinks to produce results almost as puckish as one of the titles—*Chloro-*

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phyll über Alles. A picture on the wall hardly seems the appropriate vehicle for this decorative, patchwork-quilt sensibility, which would be far more comfortably placed in textile or ceramic design. (Boissovin, April 16-May 5.)—R.R.

Richard Florsheim: Florsheim submits the industrial skyline and its various units to the romantic compromise in a style which is becoming increasingly familiar among painters who take a similar point for departure. Cities at night, waterfronts, derricks and oil refineries are celebrated semi-abstractly for the unintended beauty they assume in the creative eye, and are re-formed as grills and grids of dramatically contained color which imply transcendental mystery. Florsheim's paintings are superior to most in this category; his parallel activity as printmaker, no doubt, gives him a technical consciousness which makes of each canvas a disciplined entity with its own unfaltering structure. And he knows how to make color the life of his design, so that every painting is animated by a singular chromatic body of light. (Seligmann, May 6-24.)—V.Y.

Cañedo: The body beautiful is here exalted, to its greater glory in white line on masonite or pencil on paper, to a somewhat lesser state in awkward oils (in which the idealized faces are afflicted in common with red noses). There are also landscapes in oil; smooth-surfaced and brittle, they look air-brushed. In every work, real observation seems to have stopped short some time long before the picture was begun. What remains is a clearly facile line at which some are still content to marvel. Given as it is, however, to the painter's chosen subjects, not even such a line can retrieve the works from a persistent and shallow decadence. (Zodiac, April 8-27.)—A.V.

Bernard Childs: The softly colored, etched abstractions of this artist employ, it would seem, every possible adventure with a line, weaving it across a fevered subtexture, winding and unraveling it, thickening and thinning, separating it into discontinuous but directional segments, fraying it out as a dotted trail or a dentation, dispersing it as a mass of constituent blots. The configurations which issue from this sensitive ingenuity are as tantalizing as they are often rewarding. *Euphoria* is as exquisite as a Chinese landscape, suggesting a lift of birds in a dawn untrammelled save by the inky-textured emergence of leaf-and-reed forms from a light out of this world. (Wittenborn, April 22-May 18.)—V.Y.

John Gutman: Gutman's caseins are intricately patterned with networks of repeated lines building squares, rectangles, triangles, arcs. The colors too are repeated, emphasizing the design at the same time that they clarify the image. Most of them are small vertical panels. *Three Men*—black-bearded like three ancient prophets or kings—is colored in gray, lemon yellow and a light black, and one can imagine it enlarged as a mosaic mural. *Taxco View* is also very nice, its roof-tops built into a cubistic design of tilted verticals, its colors keyed from yellow to orange and a reddish brown. Arcs are less successfully used in *Colosseum Night*: the tilted tiers are too crowded, the pale blues too delicate. And in several more totally abstract works such as *Night Fugue*, the lack of any definite image reduces the whole to a repetitive network of black lines with a busy scattering of color stops. (Collectors', May 20-June 2.)—E.P.

John Brzostoski: He airs a current presumption that if you sow a canvas freely with staccato but undirected flakes in a consistent key, and hold them together with arbitrary dividing lines, you have interestingly abstract expressionism, and that if you go further (but no more reflectively), by dividing these areas symmetrically (like an excelsior-packed Mondrian), or combine separate paintings in a single (vertical or horizontal) arrangement (and call it, e.g., *Trimono*), you have Advanced Abstract Expressionism. (Artists, April 20-May 9.)—V.Y.

Pre-Columbian Jewelry: This is an extensive showing, from the collection of Earl Stendahl, of small jade and gold pieces—nose rings, eardrops, pendants and breastplates—ritual jewelry that is intricate and beautiful, wrought with all the finesse that one ordinarily associates with the

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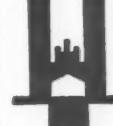
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IN THE GALLERIES

Egyptians in the field of fashioning personal ornaments. The work, from the regions of Panama, Costa Rica and Mexico, includes some particularly impressive Olmec jades and a number of meticulously worked shell carvings, many of which are being shown for the first time. Among the most beautiful pieces on exhibit are a pair of open-work gold earplugs in the shape of coiled serpents. (Martin Widdifield, April 23-May 18.)—J.R.M.

Erna Weill: Of strongly Expressionist tenor, these sculptures are concerned above all with elemental human passions. Grief, love, maternity are the abstract themes which take their place side by side with equally elemental Biblical subjects. In style, these works depend on the chunky, jagged shapes of masters like Barlach, shapes which underline the physical and psychological strain common to most of the figures. Throughout, however, Weill happily avoids overstatement, for all the inherent drama of her themes. Generally, the single figures, which tend toward too facile, compact stylizations, are less rewarding than such groups as *Elijah* and *Elisha*, where there is a greater spatial interplay of voids and solids. (Schoneman, April 23-May 16.)—R.R.

John Stanley: The figure-prominent satires in oil testify to an overprolonged exposure to that *mittel-Europa* cult of ugliness characterized by George Grosz *et al.* In one print, *Cycle*, he creates an open-space form in which the treatment can be comfortably accepted. And another black-and-white, *Trees*, has a compressed articulation which pleases. *Ohio River*, an oil, has an easy spatial feel, but his best painting is *Still Life*, the sherbet-hued planes nicely molded and shadowed. (Fleischman, April 25-May 20.)—V.Y.

Dick Stark: Although the composition is quite generally effective in these sporting scenes in oil, the painting itself is rather thin and uncertain. (Eggleston, April 8-20.) . . . **Robert McKinney:** *Seacoast with Snow*, in icy white, blues and

greens, is the most accomplished work in this exhibition of generally abstracted, richly colored landscapes. (Kottler, April 15-27.) . . . **Annie Lenney:** Lushly painted, these landscapes in oil range between the decorative style of *Pink World* and the somewhat contrived primitive style of *Blue Mermaid*. (Eggleston, April 22-May 4.) . . . **Leandro Delgado:** Very competently worked watercolors, generally of New England seascapes. *Amagansett Bay*, in cool blues and greens, has a sense of control, vigor and general airiness which makes it one of the better pieces on view. (Kottler, April 15-27.) . . . **Knickerbocker Artists Annual:** Prize winners in this tenth annual showing of painting, sculpture and graphic work included John R. Grabach, Frederick Whitaker and Nancy R. Pease. Other notable work in a large and generally uneven exhibition was contributed by Peter Takal, Haim Mendelson, Elizabeth Bintz and Nancy Ellen Craig. (River-side Museum, March 3-24.)—J.R.M.

Marc Koven: Nudes are treated in a variety of manners, from the exactly executed drawings from the model to Grecian goddesses and visions of green figures in green landscapes in oils and in sepia. Occasionally a disembodied head floats beyond a misty veil. The draftsmanship is impeccable. (Kottler, April 29-May 11.) . . . **Paula Steigerwald:** Lower Manhattan seen from Brooklyn beyond the bridge is portrayed by rows of yellow-white lights against a gray-black sky in a rather crude but forceful painting, while a contrast in mood is provided by the bright, sun-drenched little painting of a picturesque Mexican street. Summer landscape is filled with cool, refreshing greens, but the careful enumeration of leaves on the trees is unnecessarily laborious. (Kottler, May 13-25.) . . . **Argent:** Lisa Polhemus has a deft, light, absolutely precise touch in her *Dutch Flowers*, a fresh and delicate replica of the most perfect of Dutch flower painting, and also in her *Still Life* with its faintly tinted grays and harmonious greens. Cary

Liston paints a gathering of solemn owls, Dorothy Ferriss gives us a close-up view of undersea life in her *Marine*, and Marion Haldenstein introduces a bright note with a bunch of daffodils in her composition of studio props in winter browns. (April 1-20.)—M.S.

LETTERS continued from page 7

hours, we would hasten to agree, but with one proviso, namely that the artist *think* about an good deal, if not all of the time. Yet neither in the written responses nor in the open-end interviews [i.e. direct, unlimited interviews] was this point raised by any artist." Further, we say (p. 20): "The important consideration in this connection is the degree of seriousness with which the man takes his work as an artist; that he work out of real conviction and not from any specious fashionable or pseudo-intellectual motivation."

It was from the above circumstances that our associates gained the impression that there were "clear evidences of dilettantism" and of people not overwhelmingly concerned with creativity. In other words, it becomes relatively easy in the metropolis at this point for many to gain access to large group shows, as our survey clearly indicates.

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OBITUARY

Arthur Everett Austin, Jr., director of the John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Florida, died in Hartford, Connecticut, on March 29 after an illness of several months. Prior to his association with the Ringling Museum, Mr. Austin served as director of Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum. He was fifty-seven years old.



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STUDIO TALK

BY BERNARD CHAET

WAX painting, employed ages ago by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, is sometimes called "encaustic"—which literally means "burnt in." The method implies heat. As practiced today, the process involves the heating and mixing together of dry pigment and wax. A portable heating instrument enables one to "burn in" the mixture. Why has this method been revived in modern times and adapted to contemporary expression? Possibly because of the optical qualities of wax, its translucence and brilliance. Such, at any rate, are the features cherished by Esther Geller, who has been participating in this revival after experimenting with encaustic for seventeen years. In the course of her work she has developed a number of methods which should interest painters generally.

Miss Geller employs a two-burner electric plate with rheostat heat control. The palette is an ungalvanized steel box (it should be noted that galvanized steel discolors pigment). This box, which has large holes cut out over the heating units, is placed on top of the electric stove. Circulating air keeps the heat even. The wax is heated on the palette, mixed with dry pigment and applied to board or canvas, where it dries immediately. The "burning in" can be done during the process of painting or at its conclusion. The preferred instrument is a tungsten unit plugged in to an asbestos-covered handle. Miss Geller prefers this instrument to a heat lamp or blow torch; it is light in weight and gives enough heat to fuse the pigment-and-wax mixture thoroughly, so as to insure adhesion and hardening of the surface. Now let us proceed to the preparation of the wax medium.

Experimentation and research led Miss Geller to choose beeswax, which she found to be the most transparent of the waxes. She prefers bleached or white beeswax to the yellow virgin beeswax, for the yellow wax discolors the blues. She also discovered that virgin wax contains pollen, so that anyone with a slight allergy might be affected. Virgin wax, with its honey fragrance, is pleasant to work with, but Miss Geller finds bleached wax distinctly more practical. She advises the purchase of a material stamped "pure beeswax," available at most art shops or drugstores.

The bleached wax is added to dammar crystals which have been melted in a can on the stove palette. Miss Geller's formula is one part dammar crystals to two parts wax, and since she uses a rigid support (gesso on masonite) no oil need be added. However, she advises an addition of ten per cent linseed oil to this mixture if one should need a more pliable medium to paint on canvas. The medium is cut into cakes when cool.

When one is ready to paint, a cake is remelted and dry pigment added. The new mixture is ready to be applied to the support with palette knives or brushes. Careful use of the

Encaustic: Interview with Esther Geller

bristle brushes prevents their being scorched. For glazing, sable brushes are recommended. True, turpentine can be used to thin the glaze mixture, but Miss Geller has learned to dispense with it. (Of course she uses turpentine to clean her brushes.) "Burning in" completes the process.

The above is only an outline of the encaustic process,* but Miss Geller's answers to specific questions filled in a number of details. When asked if a certain proportion of wax and dammar to pigment is required to insure permanency, she replied that "any proportion is feasible as long as it holds on to the support." Miss Geller further informed me that she has not encountered any fading or cracking of surface in her long experience. But the proportion of wax and dammar to pigment, she explained, does influence the surface; a lot of pigment and little medium produce a mat surface, whereas a greater proportion of wax makes it possible to polish the painting at the end. Moreover, a great deal of dammar makes for a glossier surface. She pointed out that through his formula the painter dictates the kind of surface he desires. Even thickening agents such as powdered clay and lithopone can be used to heighten the impasto. Or if a polished-gold effect is desired Miss Geller recommends placing gold leaf on the gesso in the traditional glue and clay-bole method; a high gloss can thereby be achieved through burnishing. On the other hand, one can produce a dull gold by applying Polymer Tempera to the chosen area and applying leaf while the Polymer is wet. In general, leaf is applied first to whatever areas the painter desires.

Does the use of heating apparatus make for size limitation? "I myself find it possible to work in any size," Miss Geller replies; "the principal limitation is adjusting to a different tempo of painting. Encaustic has a tempo of its own." By this she means that although the hot wax dries immediately on touching the canvas, the pausing to "burn in" sections of the painting does interrupt normal oil-painting working methods. Wax does not blend; blending of edges, when desired, is achieved in the fusing process. A great deal of heating softens boundaries, causing them to melt—blurring the hard edge. The "burning-in" process, therefore, is not just a mechanical procedure, but rather part of the actual painting process.

The encaustic method thus requires not only special equipment, but a period of apprenticeship. Yet if one admires the color brilliancy, the translucent quality of wax, immediate drying and the challenge of an adjusted tempo, the time invested will not seem a major obstacle.

*For an extended account of the process the reader is referred to *Encaustic: Materials and Methods*, by Frances Pratt and Becca Fizell (Lear Publishers, New York, 1949).



Above: Esther Geller "burning in" a painting with a tungsten unit. The stove, at right, is covered with a metal palette. Right: PARADISE SCREEN, encaustic with gold leaf.



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cates, and we wonder to "what extent we are obliged to aid artists of this type" (p. 21).

Nor are we, as you say, "concerned with statistics as purely economic facts." We use our material to show that the worthy artist is very much concerned with his survival in the face of competition from dilettantes. Surely you will have noted how many times we attack the notion of encouraging amateur art. Not only do these amateurs pre-empt a good proportion of the available gallery space; worse, they give a sizeable percentage of their works away gratis. It is difficult for me to imagine how any conscientious reader could have missed that outstanding point.

As to whether or not a community art center can solve the many existing problems, we presented this idea merely as a possibility and far less dogmatically than you reject it. Nevertheless, competent art people with as much experience in this area as anyone in the country do think it has possibilities.

In your haste to underscore the study's lack of "an understanding of artists and the creative act," you overlook the author's associates and advisors: museum directors, art organization executives, gallery owners, teachers of art, and finally his artist colleagues who did the personal interviewing of fifty artists and thirty gallery directors. Your concern "for the well-being of creative artists" does you credit; I am reasonably certain that my own concern is as great and as genuine—and of far less recent date.

Bernard S. Myers
City College of New York
New York City

SIDNEY GEIST

continued from page 21

social and scientific spheres; our continued existence depends upon it; and it is the necessary prelude to any future development.) Let us not ask for sculpture "designed into" a place; this only results in a muddled statement that confuses the voices of the sculptor and the architect. Let us rather place the sculpture, in all its untamed with singularity, beside, in or on the architecture, in all its unmodulated austerity.

While the sculptor would naturally have such factors as scale, massiveness and texture to consider in a space given over to him, and while the architect would, in the simplest terms, have to provide space for the sculpture and take into account the style of the sculptor whose work he was commissioning (or even buying out of the studio), neither should be asked to surrender a particle of the character of his work. The benefits to both would be enormous: sculpture would be given a chance to operate in an atmosphere from which it has been absent for years, and architecture would gain an element that would vitalize its impersonal functionalism and give it an added dimension.

After it is admitted that many sculptors are not interested in nor fitted for the architectural situation, it is not the sculptor, but the architect who needs to be convinced in this discussion. He should realize first of all that the sculptor is not his antagonist—willful, lacking in taste, incapable of understanding architectural necessities. The physical part of sculpture is nothing if not architectural; and the sculptor is not a sculptor if he is not sensitive to questions of mass, material, surface, balance, density, distance—questions which architects too often feel they alone are qualified to deal with. And architects should remember that if sculptors can make sculpture for the no-place or any-place that is the contemporary museum, gallery or home of an unknown purchaser, then they should have little trouble making it for the known place that an architectural setting provides.

But in principle there is here not necessarily a question of making sculpture for a place, but simply of effecting a confrontation of sculpture and architecture. If the sculptor is free to express himself as he wishes the architect is free to choose the kind of voice that would be of most interest to his project. His customary raising of no voice but his own results in a prolonged and tiring single note. If to his own he adds the voices of our sculptors, he can create a harmony that will be new, beautiful and unpredictable and stimulating.

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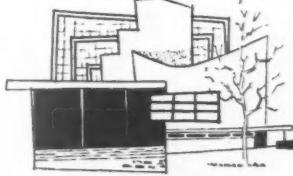
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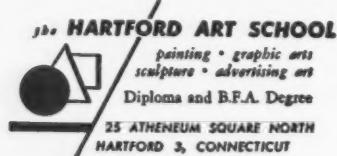
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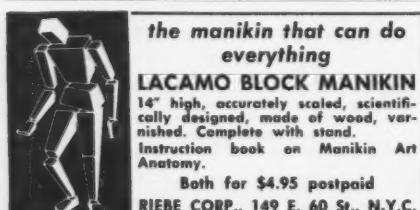
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SUMMER PRINT CALENDAR

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Council of America, 527 Madison Avenue, Room
311, New York 22, N. Y.

AKRON, OHIO

ART INSTITUTE, Apr. 30-June 2: Annual May Show;
July 6-28: Ohio Printmakers Annual

ALBANY, NEW YORK

PRINT CLUB, May 1-30: G. E. Cook, lithos.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FOGG ART MUSEUM, May 20-June 22: Gray col.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

HUNTER COLLEGE, July 9-29: Kirchner & Nolde

CINCINNATI, OHIO

ART MUSEUM, May 4-29: Annual Ohio Printmakers
Exhib.; June 5-Sept. 25: R. Blum

CLEVELAND, OHIO

ART INSTITUTE BLDG., May 15-June 23: May Show

COLUMBUS, OHIO

GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Summer: G. Bellows

HARTFORD, CONN.

WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, Mar. 20-June 1: Recent
Acq. Prnts.; Apr. 5-June 9: Daumier lithos.

HONOLULU, T. H.

ACADEMY OF ARTS, May 2-June 2: Honolulu Print
Mkrs.; June 4-July 14: Chinese Woodblocks

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

ATKINS MUSEUM, May 2-June 2: Mid-Amer.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

BRICK STORE, May 26-June 30: N. Shore Prnts.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

ART ASSOC., May 8-28: Print Mkrs. Soc. of Cal.

LAWRENCEVILLE, NEW JERSEY

LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL, May 6-27: Cat Prints

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

ART CENTER, June 2-July 20: K. Adams, lithos.

July 31-Aug. 31: H. Wolf, wood engrvngs.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

L. A. COUNTY LIBRARY, May 1-July: Print Mkrs.

SOC. OF CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

SPEED MUSEUM, May 1-22: G. Bellows; May 13-June

3: Matisse; June 3-24: Kirchner & Nolde; July 1-31:
Cont. Brazil.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

UNIVERSITY GALLERY, Apr. 8-May 31: Etchngs.

June 5-July 5: H. Sternberg, prnts.

WALKER GALLERY, June 28-Aug 9: Matisse

NEW YORK CITY

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ART SOC. (65 W. 56),
May 1-Aug.: Internat'l. Contemp.

MELTZER GALLERY (38 W. 57), May 21-June 17:
Nat'l Serigraph Soc.

MUSEUM OF CITY OF NEW YORK, Apr. 24-Sept.

3: Currier & Ives

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY, (5th Ave. & 42nd St.), all
summer: "Birds & Beasts," prnts.

WEYHE GALLERY (794 Lex. Ave.), May: J. Fried-
laender, etchngs.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

ART CENTER, June 9-30: "Jap. Woodcuts II"

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

ART CENTER, July 14-Sept. 15: "Amer. Printmakers"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRINT CLUB, May: Bay Printmakers of Cal.

MUSEUM OF ART, May 20-Aug. 31: Expressionist

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, Apr. 1-May 12: M. Cassatt,
prnts.; May 13-Sept. 29: Three Sculpt.-Prntmkers.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

RUNDEL GALLERY, May 5-26: "Jap. Woodcuts I"

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

MUSEUM, June 9-30: "Contemp. Ger. Prnts."

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

FINE ART GALLERY, June 5-23: Contemp. Fr. Prnts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

LEGION OF HONOR: June 8-July 7: Ger. Impressionism;

July 13-Aug. 11: W. Hollar; Aug. 17-
Sept. 15: "Our Daily Bread"

DE YOUNG MUSEUM

May 5-26: "Jap. Fish Prnts."; July 1-Sept. 15:

June 9-30: "Contemp. Ger. Prints."

R. E. LEWIS, INC. (555 Sutter St.), May 6-25: Villon;

June 3-29: Kollwitz; July 1-27: Hokusai

MUSEUM OF ART, Aug. 15-Sept. 15: Cont. Brazil.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

N. M. MUSEUM, Aug. 18-Sept. 30: Open-Door Exhib.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SMITH, Apr. 16-May 15: Amer. Print Soc. Annual

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

CITY ART MUSEUM, May 1-15: Flowers, Plants,

Seasons; June 1-July 31: H. Siegl, L. Pierce

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LIB. OF CONGRESS, May 1-Aug. 31: Nat'l. Exhib.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

NORTON, July 1-31: Palm Beach Art Leag.

WICHITA, KANSAS

ART MUSEUM, May 1-Aug. 31: Perm. Coll.

WORCESTER, MASS.

ART MUSEUM, May 20-June 17: Toulouse-Lautrec

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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

ATHENS, GA.
MUSEUM, May 5-26: Amer. Arch.

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, to May 26: Baltimore W'cols; May 3-24: Landscape Architecture

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN, to May 31: R. Marx, C. Fitz-Gerald

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, May 6-18: M. Fan Tchun Pi

MUSEUM, to May 28: New Eng. Miniatures

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INST., to June 16: Ray Wielgus African Coll.; May 8-June 9: Cont. Amer. Art Soc. Annual; Prizewinners Annual

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, to May 12: Pacific Arts; to May 19: Conquest of Space

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, May 4-June 9: Conn. W'col. Soc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON MUS., to May 19: Design in Scandinavia

KANSAS CITY, MO.
NELSON, May 2-June 2: Mid-America Annual

LONDON, ENGL.
GIMPEL FILS, Cont. Brit.

HANOVER, May 2-June 14: R. Butler

LEFEVRE, May 1-June 1: E. Burra

TOOTH, to May 25: B. Buffet

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
FERUS, May 10-June 7: H. Levy

HATFIELD, May: Mod. Fr. & Amer.

STENDAHL, May: Pre-Col. & Mod.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SPEED MUS., May 6-27: Cont. Dutch

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS, May 5-26: Sargent W'cols.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
ART INST., May 2-31: Wis. Annual

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INST., to May 12: L. Feininger; to June 2: Sclpt.; May 8-June 2: Peteri

WALKER, to May 20: S. Davis; May 26-June 23: Cont. Brit.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
MUSEUM, May 5-26: N. J. Artists

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
STUDIO GALLERY, to May 18: C. Carter

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, to May 19: Early N.J. Artists; to June 16: Art in Judaism

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museums:

BROOKLYN' (Eastern Pkwy.), to May 26: W'cols.

COOPER UNION MUS. (Cooper Sq.), May 23-Aug.: 6 Decades Collection

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), to May 19: Intern'l. Award Ptgs.

JEWISH (5th at 92nd), from May 16: Strauss-Rothschild Collection

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82nd), to Sept.: Greek Vases, Hearst Coll.; from Apr. 26: Rodin & Fr. Sclpt.

MODERN (11 W. 53), to May 12: New Talent X; from May 22: Picasso

PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), May: Selections from Perm. Coll.

NAT'L ACAD. (1035 5th), May 9-26: Nat'l. Assoc. Women Artists

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr.), to May 19: Soc. Young Amer. Artists

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to June 16: H. Hofmann retrospective

Galleries:

A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), May 6-June 1: Points of View '57

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to May 11: W. Gropper; May 13-25: S. Dreyfus

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Tu., Th., 12-2, 8-10), Artists Anon. 2nd Quart.

ALAN (32 E. 65), May 7-25: J. Levine

AMER. SCANDINAVIAN FNDTN. (127 E. 73), May 13-25: R. L. Sandberg-Johansson

ARGENT (236 E. 60), May 13-June 1: Swiss Women, w'cols., graphics

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), May 11-30: M. Greenfield

ARTS (62 W. 56), May 2-16: Di Paolo; Sugimoto; Wolowen

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), May 6-29: I. Marantz

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 11: D. Carrick, C. Shelton; from May 13: Sclpt. Garden

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), May 6-18: G. Lipson

BODELY (223 E. 60), to May 11: R. Brown; May 13-25: L. Weaver

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 18: Santomaso; May 20-June 15: J. Ernst

BURR (108 W. 56), May 5-18: W. B. Sherman; May 19-June 1: Grp.

CADAN (150 E. 78), May 9-30: Abidine

CAMINO (92 E. 10), May 10-31: Sclpt.

CARLEBACH (937 3rd at 56), Primitive Art

CARSTARS (11 E. 57), May 7-29: Grp.

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), May 6-25: Spring Show

CHASE (29 E. 64), May 6-18: A. King; May 20-June 8: W. Meyerowitz

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), to May 19: Coignard; May 20-June 2: J. Gutman

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), May: Japanese prints & w'cols.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), May 13-31: S. J. Davis, sclpt.

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to May 4: C. Petrina

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), May 1-31: Tlalito to Maya

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to May 31: Intimate Private Coll.

DE AENLLE (59 W. 53), to May 25: Echave

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to May 11: Peruvian Textiles, Pottery

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to May 11: P. Georges; May 15-June 1: Portraits by Ptrs.

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to May 25: Grp.

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to May 18: G. Russell

DUVEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 79), to May 18: D. Hood; May 7-25: L. Robins

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), May 6-25: C. Kibel

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), May 1-31: Pre-Col.

ESTE (32 E. 65), May 1-16: S. Schames

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), May 1-16: Cont. Amer. & Eur.

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), May 13-June 7: Cont. Ptg. & Sclpt.

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to May 20: J. Stanley

FRIED (40 E. 68), to May 11: J. Xceron; May 11-June 8: Grp.

FURMAN (17 E. 82), to June 25: Pre-Col.

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), from May 7: Grp.

GALERIE BOISSEVAIN (31 E. 63), to May 4: J. Varda; May 7-28: A. Sims, sclpt.

GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad.), to May 25: A. Derain

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), May 6-June 4: Grandma Moses

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), to May 31: L. Fini

GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), May: J. Clark, Animal Bronzes

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42), to May 11: D. Baise; May 7-17: F. Whitaker; E. Monaghan; May 20-31: R. Delano

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 17: A. Osver; May 21-June 14: H. Hensel

HAMMER (51 E. 57), May 1-14: Lachman

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), May 6-25: G. Segal

HARTERT (22 E. 58), May 1-31: Amer. & Fr. Ptg.

HELLER (63 E. 57), to May 18: Grp.; May 21-June 8: Scalini; Christiano

HEWITT (29 E. 65), to May 18: E. Nadelman; May 20-June 15: Grp.

HIRSCH & ADLER (21 E. 67), Fine Ptg.

IOLAS (123 E. 55), Apr. 17-May 17: M. Ernst

JACKSON (32 E. 69), May 7-June 14: Europ. & Amer. Drwgs.; May 14-June 14: M. Hartley

JAMES (70 E. 12), to May 16: R. Fasanella; May 17-June 6: N. Billmyer, V. Schnell

JANIS (15 E. 57), to May 11: Brancusi to Giacometti; May 13-June 8: Motherwell

JUSTER (154 E. 79), to May 25: A. Clave; E. Greco

KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), May: A. Jonniaux

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), to May 25: H. Jaenisch

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), May 7-25: Cont. Sclpt. & W'cols.

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), May 6-June 14: Rec. Fr. Acq.

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), to May 11: 3-Man; M. Kaven; May 13-25: P. Steigerwald

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), to May 11: J. Heliker; May 20-June 7: Painter-Printmakers

LIBR. OF PTGS. (28 E. 72), to May 23: 3-Man

LILLIPUT (231 1/2 Eliz., by App't.), May: Adam-Ahab Variants

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), May 1-15: A. Jegart

LOWER EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOC. (St. Marks, 2nd Ave. at 10), to May 26: Annual

MARCH (95 E. 10): Grp.

MELTZER (38 W. 57), to May 18: 5-Man Grp.

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), May 13-June 15: Hua Li, w'cols.

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), May 7-June 8: 25th Anniv. Show

MILCH (55 E. 57), to May 4: J. Whorf

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), May 8-25: C. Lassiter

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), May 1-31: 19th C. Fr. Drwgs., W'cols.

NEW ART CTR. (193 Lex. at 81), May 7-25: Die Brucke

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), May: 18th C. Eng., Fr.; Old Masters

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to May 11: E. B. Webster; May 13-25: F. Smik; May 27-June 8: J. Goodman, drwg.

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), May 2-21: L. Sterne

PARSONS (15 E. 57), to May 11: M. Taylor, sclpt.; D. Sturm; May 13-June 1: M. Morgan; S. Sekula

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), to May 18: J. M. Hanson; May 22-June 15: W. Crovello

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to May 25: C. Cicero

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to May 31: Pascin & Schl. of Paris

PETITE (129 W. 56), May 6-18: M. Frary; May 20-June 1: Grp.

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), May 1-15: A. Ceruzzi, M. Hollinger

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to May 7: Stefanelli; May 13-June 1: D. von Schlegell

REHN (683 5th at 54), to May 18: R. Mintz

ROERICH (319 W. 107), to May 26: C. Schwebel

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), to May 23: J. Bageris

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), May: 19th & 20th C. Fr., 20th C. Amer. Ptgs. & Sclpt.

SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), to May 13: Beldy; May 15-31: Vespignani

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to May 4: L. Chadwick; from May 13: Homage to Kahnweiler

SALPETER (42 E. 57), to May 11: S. Farber; May 13-31: N. Davis

SCHAFFER (983 Park), Old Masters

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), May 6-25: W. Kamys

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), to May 16: Rouault; E. Weill, sclpt.

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), to May 15: Abstr. Forms in Afr. Art

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), May 6-24: R. Florsheim

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Old Masters

STABLE (924 7th at 58), to May 4: J. Tworkov; May 7-June 1: Annual

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), to May 18: M. Tarragona; May 20-June 8: Latin Amer. Grp.

TANAGER (90 E. 10), to May 9: 3-Man; May 10-31: Grp.

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), May: Black & White

THEATRE EAST (211 E. 60), to May 28: J. Rigaud

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), to May 11: Amer. Abstract; May 13-31: D. S. Badue

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Med. & Ren. Art

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), to May 21: M. Padua

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to May 11: Carlyle Brown; May 13-June 15: Mirko

WALKER (117 E. 57), May: 19th, 20th C. Amer. & Fr.

V. WEAR (436 Mad.), May 9-31: E. Vandyke

WELLONS (17 E. 64), May 6-18: V. Glinsky; May 20-June 1: P. Cohen

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), May 1-31: J. Friedlaender

WHITE (42 E. 57), May 7-June 1: Grp.

WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), to May 10: 20th C. Amer. Drwgs.

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), to May 18: M. Gold; to May 11: L. Quintanilla

WILLARD (23 W. 56), May 7-31: D. Dehner

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), to May 18: B. Childs; May 20-June 1: R. Laubies

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), to May 18: Manzu

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), to May 18: J. Sennhauser

PARIS, FRANCE

ALLEGNY, to May 11: Baillargeau

BERNHEIM, May 10-25: Moualla, Suraud

BUCHER, May: Reichel

CORDIER, May: Requichot

DE FRANCE, Zao-Wou-Ki

DROUET, May 25: Despierre

FRICKER, May 10-31: R. Lersy

PIERRE, to May 14: B. Dufour; May 16-June 1: Macris

RENE, May: Grp.

SUILLEROT, Hayden

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PA. ACAD., May 16-June 9: Competition Works

ART ALLIANCE, May 7-June 9: Tamayo; A. Reindein; May 16-June 9: Realist Ptrs.; May 17-June 9: Phila. Sclpt. Trends

MACK, May: S. Spaulding

SCHURZ MEM., to May 31: E. Kaufman

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE INST., to May 12: M. Cassatt prints; to May 19: G. M. Koren

ROSWELL, N. M.

MUSEUM, May 12-27: L. Nickson

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, May 3-27: Wash. Univ. Exhib.; May 5-26: Lesueur

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LEGION OF HONOR, May: Pierpont Morgan Library Treasures

MUSEUM, to May 26: T. Roszak

SEATTLE, WASH.

SELIGMAN, May: M. Tobey, P. Bonifas

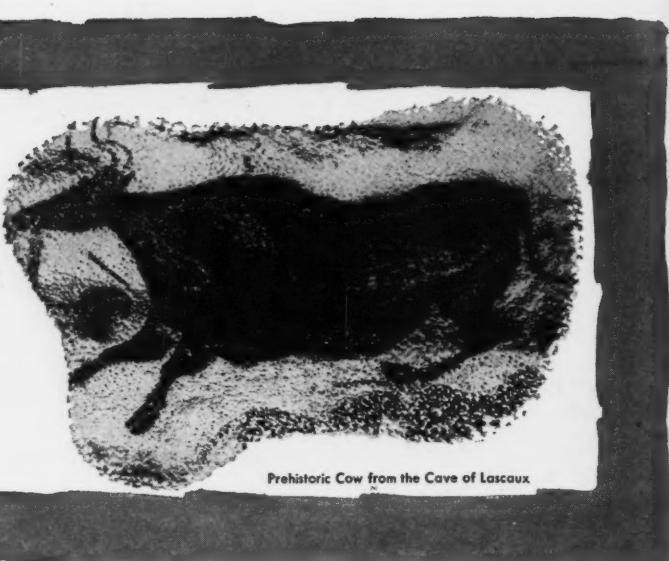
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LA GALERIA ESCONDIDA, May: Grp.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN, to May 26: Amer

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